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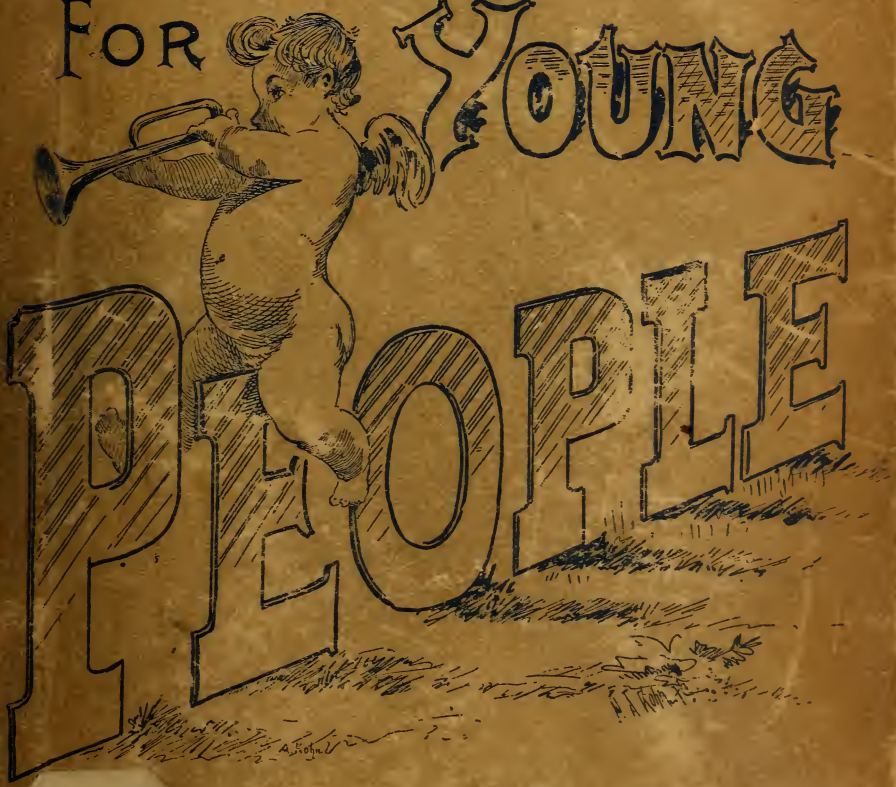

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EASY ENTERTAINMENTS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE

CONTAINING

THE COURT OF THE YEAR, A CARNIVAL OF SPORTS,
THE SNIGGLES FAMILY, DOCTOR CURE-ALL,
THE COURTING OF MOTHER GOOSE,
VICE VERSA, AND MY
COUNTRY

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THE COURT OF THE YEAR
A CARNIVAL OF SPORTS
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VICE VERSA
MY COUNTRY

The Court of the Year

AN ENTERTAINMENT

ILLUSTRATING THE MONTHS AND SEASONS
BY MEANS OF

Recitation, Music, and Tableaux

By

MRS. E. C. WHITNEY

The Court of the Year

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—An aged monarch.
THE NEW YEAR—An infant.
JANUARY, FEBRUARY—Two old men.
MARCH—A blustering, red-faced woman.
APRIL—A young miss of winning appearance.
MAY, a young, beautiful girl.
JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, } Three young ladies.
SEPTEMBER—A young matron
OCTOBER—A middle-aged woman of ruddy looks.
NOVEMBER—An elderly man.
DECEMBER—A very old man.

NOTE.

The poem which these tableaux illustrate may be read or recited in sections, by two or more children, or recited by one who has good imitative powers. (Recited in costume, would be effective.) The scenes themselves furnish room for the exercise of ingenuity and taste, which can make the rendering of them exceedingly attractive, either in vestry or parlor, on a week-day evening, and they can be very simply or elaborately arranged to suit the wishes of the performers.

FIRST TABLEAU

THE CHRISTENING OF THE NEW YEAR

BY JANUARY

An altar. January (dressed like a clergyman, in surplice and wig) stands before it. A silver basin, with water in it, at his left. In front of him stands the "Century," a very aged monarch, with crown on his

head, arrayed in a robe of purple and ermine. (A rich shawl, with tissue-paper crimped to represent fur, can be used effectively, or a magnificent robe be provided, as circumstances favor.) The "Century" holds the New Year in his arms, while January holds his right hand over the child, as if in benediction. Altar drapery and candles heighten the effect. Also palms and century plants.

Second Tableau

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY ENGAGED IN CONTROVERSY

A little old room. Rafters (if easy to have them). An open fire (a coal grate, with wood and tinsel to represent fire, will do, and is easily arranged). The two men are seated in arm-chairs (or old rocking-chairs). A window at one side can be produced by a large clothes-horse, draped with some dark material, and an open square cut in it, the flap of which can be caught up like a small curtain. January still wears his ministerial stock about his neck, a black band of considerable width, nose glass, and a flowing wig and beard. February is in ordinary clothing, snow-besprinkled, and also wears a white wig (both wigs are powdered, like frost).

Third Tableau

MARCH

The two men are still by their fire, but staring at the open window, through which March is peering. January is half rising from his chair, listening with wonder

to the words of blustering March, who is a red-faced old woman, wearing a tawdry bonnet, with flying red strings. She stands without, her face and shoulders only visible, looking in upon them, and shaking her forefinger at them, with a vindictive look upon her face.

Fourth Tableau

APRIL

January and February seem to be at peace with each other, and are now looking toward the open door, on the sill of which stands little April, a young miss with curls. She wears green, and crystal drops (beads) are glistening in the folds of her dress; on her cheeks a glistening, as of tears, is apparent. A crown of crocuses is on her head (this can be made of paper). She bears green sprays in her hands, and looks smilingly at the two bewildered veterans. The two men are advancing to meet her.

Fifth Tableau

MAY

The room is now brightened by some small trees or shrubs, and some budded plants, and May, a young girl, with apron full of blossoms, is crowning the old men with apple blossoms. One has a crown already, and she is in the act of putting one on the head of the other. A bird whistle is heard behind the scenes, and one or two birds (stuffed) may be perched on the boughs in sight. Grass and leaves are strewn over the floor. The fire has burned low, and February is advancing with an armful of brush toward it. May wears a garland on her head and a dress of green and yellow.

Sixth Tableau

SUMMER

June, July, and August, three blooming girls in tasteful summer costumes (July in white); a colored bodice with shortened skirt is effective. Straw hats, and slippers laced with narrow, colored ribbons which cross and tie above the ankle. June is garlanding the wall with roses. July has a rake, and stands near a hay mound. August reclines under a shade of boughs. Baskets of berries are near, flowers also, in pots, and scattered about in profusion.

(After this tableau, "The Last Rose of Summer" may be sung behind the scenes by one or more voices, or it may be omitted.)

Seventh Tableau

"EARLY AUTUMN"—SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER

September, a young matron, dressed in yellow. She wears a chaplet of slightly colored leaves (bayberry preferred). Her hat, which lies at her feet, is of rustic straw and trimmed with asters and dahlias. In her hand are goldenrod sprays. She reclines or leans against her sheaves (corn may be substituted). October, a middle-aged, ruddy-faced matron, in a russet dress with pink trimmings, stands, with palette and brush in her hand, surveying a fiery sumac tree (artificial leaves will do). She wears a crown of brilliant autumn leaves. Grapes, apples, and plums, in baskets, are near at hand.

Eighth Tableau

NOVEMBER

An elderly man. His clothing is of a sombre tone. He wears a long beard, and has a kindly expression on his face. The "Crops of the Year" lie all about him, fruits, vegetables, and grain. On the stubble (or dead grass strewing the ground) lie pumpkins and corn. A rustic table is spread with an attractive display of fruits—apples, etc. November stands smiling encouragingly at a frightened-looking little woman, who wears a gay bonnet and drab dress, and has a profusion of long yellow curls, falling either side of her cheeks inside of her bonnet. She is looking toward Jack Frost, who is standing in the doorway, his coat covered with snow, his beard bristling with ice-drops (beads). He is surveying the Thanksgiving table November has prepared.

Ninth Tarleau

WINTER

December, a very old man. He wears a black robe, trimmed with white fur (paper can produce this effect). His locks are hoary. He looks at November, who is retiring from the room, with an approving smile. A glowing fire (tinsel) is on "the hearth," and on the wall are white wreaths, dead grasses, with crystal drops. Leafless branches are hung with bits of silver (paper), diamond dust scattered over the stubble on the floor. Jack Frost is radiant with icicles and silver dust. He bears a gorgeous silver banner, and stands pointing to a

Christmas tree near by, loaded with real or imitation gifts, streamers, etc. This tree may afterward be divested of its contents by the children, who see it for the first time in this tableau.

Tenth Tableau

FINIS

The months are kneeling in a semicircle about December, who stands with outstretched hands, looking upward, as if imploring a blessing upon them. The tree is now lighted for the first time, Jack Frost standing near with a coronet of lighted wax tapers on his head (these tapers are stuck into the points of his silver crown). He holds toys in his hands toward the children.

(This tableau may be gotten up very simply or gorgeously, according to the requirements of the occasion. It is always a very striking one.)

PART FIRST.

First Tableau—The Christening of the Year.

I.

By the embers so low, in a room dark and dreary,
Sat a queer little man with a look wan and weary,
And his name was January.
At the sleet-stained panes he sat gazing awhile,
And then over his face stole a grim, bitter smile
As he spoke to February.

II.

"So you taunt me with 'cold, inhospitable ways?'
But now, pray, run your eye over *your* list of days,
And point me to one, if you can,
That bewilders the heart with its wealth of good cheer
As the day when our young king, the baby New Year,
Was christened by frosty old Jan."

III.

With a poke at the coals, which emitted a spark,
Esquire February took a seat with a jerk,
And replied thus to his brother:
"To be sure, you can boast of your *one* happy day,
But please show me, in all the sweet annals of May,
Or her sister months, another

IV.

"Bright series of days, that are finer or softer
Than *I* give the earth, when with jubilant laughter
I break up your frost and your snow!
'Tis true that my advent, amidst all your clatter,

Partakes of your sharpness, but what does that matter,
When from worse to better I go?"

Second Tableau—January and February.

V.

"You boastful old fellows! I think I'd do better
Than sit by that ghost of a fire. You're wetter
Than two deluged rats, I'll be bound;
Jan's clothes are *all* frost—as for Feb's, you could wring 'em,
Despite his 'soft days,' when he knows that *I* send him
My herald to dry up his ground.

VI.

"That when my swift car, with its fine band of breezes,
King Boreas its chief and selecter of pieces,
Rolls on in the train of the year;
Our wheels may not sink quite to China below
(It makes our good trumpeter always fume, so
Feb's heart ought to tremble with fear).

VII.

"Very oft, when the Earth needs her ironing done,
I dispatch my good west wind, with plenty of sun,
To help Febby with his spring work;
Yet, if dryness occurs, be it ever so small,
It at once sets him up so outrageously tall
(The thankless, hard-hearted old Turk!")

VIII.

"The loud-talking vixen, the wrathful old creature!"
Forgetting their feud, they now turned toward their preacher,

And beheld, through chinks in the pane,
Brazen March peering in, her red face all glowing
With her silly attempts at listening—and blowing,
When they heard one calling again.

Third Tableau—March.

IX.

In the doorway stood April, her locks all awry,
"Blown to pieces," she said, with a dolorous sigh,
"By that band of wrathful breezes.
Dame March surely errs when she flatters those creatures,
The briefest acquaintance with them serves to teach us
They do give us naught but sneezes."

X.

In her eyes lingered tears, yet her lips curved with smiles;
In her curls were wreathed crocus-buds, sweet were the wiles
Of the little changeable thing;
Such a scent of new earth and soft tufts of young green
As she shook from her apron, with daintiest mien!
(The dear little daughter of Spring!)

Fourth Tableau—April

XI.

"Over hill, over dale, from the South-land I've come,
With my gifts from the tropics to gladden your home;
Just peep from your casement and see!

All the trees are resplendent in holiday dress,
The sweet lilac is pluming, the willow's soft tress
Is curled for the grand jubilee.

XII.

"The little arbutus has donned her pink satin,
The little gold robin is trilling his matin,
All Nature is blithe as the lark.
Come, rouse ye, and shake off the gloom of the dawning,
Come share with the blue-bird the glee of the morning
Nor longer nurse that feeble spark."

XIII.

"Who is this?" queried Febby, then swift through the door
Bounded light-footed May, with her gay pinafore
Full of buds. With curtsey and blush
She bedecked both her sires with apple buds, well,
How those grim faces brightened, *I* never can tell,
How they heaped that fire with brush!

XIV.

"If we'd known you were coming we'd not have sat thus,
With all things so cheerless.—And *heard you our fuss?*"
"Oh! yes, friends, but be of good cheer;

June is coming with roses to garland your wall,
She will soon make this chamber a gay, festal hall
Befitting the Court of the Year."

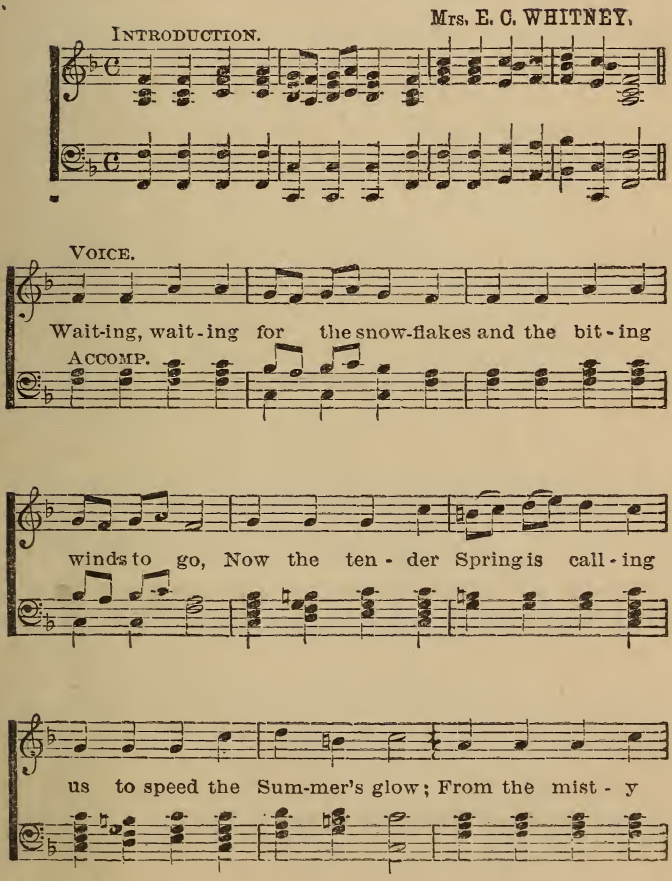
PART SECOND.

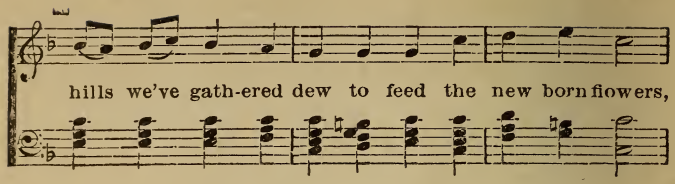
Fifth Tableau.—May.

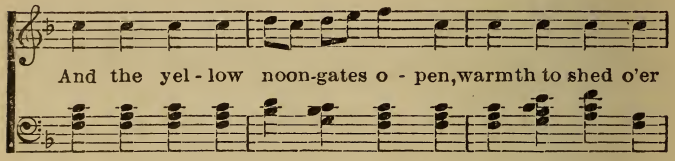
XV.

A SUMMER CHORAL.

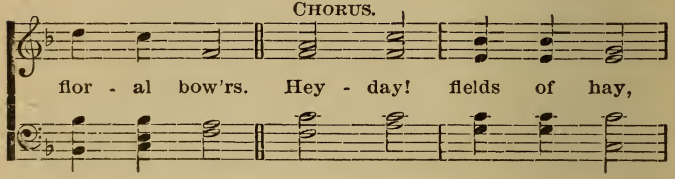
Mrs. E. C. WHITNEY.

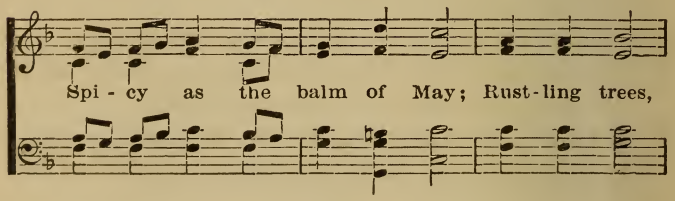


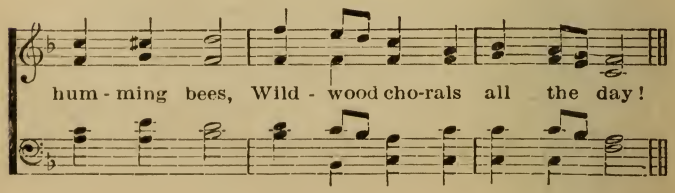

hills we've gath-ered dew to feed the new born flowers,


And the yel - low noon-gates o - pen, warmth to shed o'er

CHORUS.


flor - al bow'rs. Hey - day! fields of hay,


Spi - cy as the balm of May; Rust-ling trees,


hum - ming bees, Wild - wood cho-rals all the day!

Rosy June spread her leaves and reared high her green domes
Where the zephyrs went wooing and birdlings found homes;
Then midsummer fell with its hush;
Sweet July dropped her berries; in hay-scented dells
Droned the bee, while the fruits and the tropical bells
Of August hung heavy and lush.

Sixth Tableau—Summer

XVI.

"If you seek for perfection, soft airs and fine flowers
Cannot make an Eden without help of ours,"
September now smilingly said;
"I will bring my ripe fruits and my silken-eared corn,
Golden sheaves from the wheat-field, this still, amber morn,
To add to the bounty you've spread."

XVII.

Bright October came next with her palette and brush,
All her garments were dyed in the sunset's pale flush,
And she spoke with a winning grace;—
"I will fresco this fair, paradisal abode,
Though I grieve that decay must these bright hues corrode
As night shrouds the sun's golden rays.

XVIII.

"See! the royal-robed clusters are purpling the wall;
All the fruitage is ripe for the gardener's call,
And paved is the orchard's brown floor

With the russet and plum. In the sunlight mellow
See the glorified sumac!—How swiftly the yellow
Leaf-mold strews the dead landscape o'er!

XIX.

"List! the Maple is chanting a burial lay
To the Spruce—lovely type of immortality
In her vestments of living green;
Like the soft golden haze of Earth's harvesting day,
May the sunset of life find in shining array
Waiting souls for the Court of Heaven."

Seventh Tableau—Early Autumn—September and October

XX.

"Dear, oh! dear, 'tis a shame," whimpered June to July,
"That November must come and set all things awry
In this beautiful home we've reared!"—
"Do not shun me, my children," the aged voice said,
"For who knows but what *I* too some glory may shed
O'er the twilight hour you so dread?

XXI.

"'Tis true I must send to these dear cherished bowers
The breath of my North-wind that blasts all the flowers,
But in this frail Eden below
Are you promised exemption from death and decay?
Doth not each passing hour toll life's sands away
And is it a sad truth to know?

XXII.

"Under Earth's blackened mold lie the germs of new life;
Resurrection must follow death's conquering strife;
The rose and the oak-leaf decay;
But the life-giving Spring clothes the earth with new bloom,
As the glorified body comes forth from its tomb
Soul blending through eternity.

XXIII.

"E'er we part, though to meet in a twelve-month, I trust,
I desire to spread you an autumnal feast
Of the fruits and crops of the year;
At my Thanksgiving banquet you all must sit down,
Indian Summer, my own love, I see wears a frown,
For the ungallant Frost draws near."

Eighth Tableau—November

XXIV.

Very sadly regarding these relics of glory
Stood an old man in ermine, his locks damp and hoary;
But he lent an attentive ear
To these words; with a nod (full of grace) at November
He remarked, "It is true that I ought to remember
Youth from age may not care to hear."

XXV.

"I am old, but the frost o'er my heart sheds no blight,
There the love-light of age burns a flame, pure and bright;

And see how my hearth is glowing!
Come now, sit by its blaze, into Winter's ear pour
The sweet tales of your pastimes, the fond songs of yore,
For weary the year is growing.

XXVI.

"I will wrap tired Earth in my mantle awhile,
Till the jubilant Spring wakes her up with its smile;
The softest of robes I will weave
For my bare forest children; your tears shall be gems,
And your cypress-weed crowns; *all* my gifts are emblems
Of glory, then *why* do you grieve?

XXVII.

"Mid my forests of silver and rivers of pearl,
Icy turrets so chilling, your banners must furl;
The Frost King has rule o'er the land.
Yet though icicles hang from his banners of steel,
He will tell you of Christmas, and with right good-will
Lay his gifts into each open hand.

NINTH TABLEAU—WINTER

XXVIII.

"Come kneel in a circle, take my benediction,
Both sire and maiden. If mortals will here
Be true as the seasons to life's obligations,
Peace and plenty shall gladden each
Happy New Year."

TENTH TABLEAU—FINIS

A Carnival of Sports

AN ENTERTAINMENT

REPRESENTING SUCH POPULAR SPORTS AS

Tennis, Archery,
Base-Ball, Boxing,
Foot-Ball, etc.

BY

VEREND MINSTER

A CARNIVAL OF SPORTS

BY VEREND MINSTER

King Carnival, seated on his decorated throne, in colors suitable for a gala-day, at the right of the stage, and holding a silver trumpet and wand, calls for his subjects, who represent the various popular sports in turn. They advance to the sound of music, as summoned, bearing the implements of their respective games, first bowing low in obeisance to their monarch, and then advancing to the front of the stage and taking suitable positions for speaking. After delivering their messages they retire in a similar manner, after making homage to their king.

King Carnival.—

IN palmy days of old, when Greece and Rome held sway,
Athletic, manly sports engaged man's time and thought.
The great Olympic games, the coliseum at Rome,
Grand trials of speed and strength were what men talked about.
Men feared not to shed blood; men flinched not when attacked;
For pride in self-control and strength of frame ran high.
A gentler age holds sway, and men refrain from scenes
Of cruelty and rage. But still men throng to see
A race of trotting stock, a soldiers' grand parade,
A day of sports where men engage in trials of skill.
Such, here, is our attempt. We do not advertise
A show professional. We only bring to you
A few familiar sports as we can show them here.
The game of tennis first we beg to introduce.

Tennis.

[*Enter four with tennis costume, balls, and racket.*]

Spokesman.—

In playing games, so many ways the world has found employment
That none are sought for in these days that don't afford enjoyment.
Indeed, some games there are in vogue that life and comfort menace;
But naught like this can e'er be charged on innocent lawn-tennis.
Some men who guard their daughters well and closely watch their sporting,
Appear to have a secret fear of anything like *courting.*
But when they find that neither law nor love controls this sport,
They let them have a *racket* light and enter tennis court.
And mothers fond, whose sons, turned loose, are apt to make them nervous,
Have no complaint if they acquaint themselves with this neat *service.*
A miser, e'en, whose care for all is scrupulously nice,
Cannot restrain his scheming brain from this glad enterprise.
He hears it talked of, calls his son, and bids him straightway learn
The rules and regulations here for *making a return.*
And maidens shy, who would not try to make a single rap
If at the end they thought 'twould send their feet into a trap,

(For should a man propose a ban 'twould set them in a rage)
Behold the *net*, and never fret, but in the sport engage.
The game is safe, it will not chafe a player's nerves though weak,
And one who tires finds exercise of which all highly speak.

All four, forcibly.—

Yes, tennis is the game for me,
And tennis suits us all,
For what will lend us fresher glee
Than racket, net, and ball?
[*Exeunt.*]

Archery.

King.—

There is a sport called Archery,
Of course, you all must know
'Tis popular with ladies, too,
Each belle must have a *bow.*
And while in shooting Cupid's darts
They get things strangely mixed,
There's many a youth whom bright eyes pierce
And leave his soul transfixed.

[*Enter young lady archer with bow and arrows. Speaks:*]

But when a lady tries to shoot
The arrow made of wood
She draws her bow
At arm's length *so,*
[*Illustrating by a side presentation.*]
And finds that it is good.
At first she shakes, such pains she takes,

But when she's learned the game
  The arrow sings, the target rings,
So certain is her aim.
  The game is sure to fascinate,
For, gayly as a lark,
  The bow is bent, and she has sent
The arrow to its mark.

Enter small boy. Speaks:
The small boys have to try this sport—
  (The way the Indians shot),
And grown-up boys the arrow poise,
  For they forget it not.
[*Exeunt.*]

Base-Ball.

King Carnival (*rising*).—
Our national game
I rise to proclaim.
[*Enter two, representing base-ball pitcher in uniform, and catcher with gloves, mask, and shield.*]
K. C. (*continuing*).—
From musty old histories, laid up in drawers,
We read of artillery used in the wars.
But none of that kind appears here on the slate,
For that sort of nonsense is quite out of date.

Catcher.—
Cause why? cause without any censure or flattery
Base-ball has developed a much improved *battery.*
The batter, you know, is the man at the bat,
The catcher he wears a wire cage for a hat,
And a breast-plate of leather to ward off foul tips.
(He needs a cold stove-lid to cover his lips!)

The pitcher and catcher have turns at the bat,
But they do their best work when *out*, for all that.

Pitcher.—
The man with the mask on receives the hard knocks,
But the brain-work is done by the man *in the box.*
He studies the batsman and marks where he swerves,
And then he delivers his most puzzling curves.
He bulldozes runners by feinting to throw,
And heads off the reckless who venture to *go.*
He scoops in the *hot ones*, embraces the *pops*,
And even the *grounder* he frequently stops.
He gets them to *second*, and swift as a bird
He heads off a runner just coming from *third.*
He often retires them in "one, two, and three,"
And steps to the bat with remarkable glee.
The papers next day sound his praises aloud
And say he *played ball* more than all of his crowd.
While as for the slugger who lent him support
They say that his movements afforded much sport.
They tell that with credit the ash he did wield
And pasted the *leather* all over the field.
Indeed, ere the playing had hardly begun
He sent a *sky-scraper* and bagged a *home run.*
They criticise sharply, and tell of *passed balls*
(Turned loose by the umpire's irregular calls).
But talk as you choose to, the truth you can't shirk,
The *battery* did all the liveliest work.

[*Exeunt.*]

Table Games.

[*At this point King Carnival from his throne at one end of platform points to two couples seated opposite, playing respectively tiddle-de-winks and chess, saying :*]

Our spooniest lovers, as every one thinks,
Are over there playing at tiddle-de-winks,
While as for the others, indeed, you would guess
By their scowls and their silence they're playing at chess.

[*Enter two feather-weights wearing boxing-gloves and ready for practice.*]

Boxing.

K. C. continues.—

The human frame has wondrous traits,
The mind has wondrous notions,
The muscles and the sinews aid
In making wondrous motions.
Just take two lads of even build
And let them go to sparring,
There's not a nerve in either frame
But that secures a jarring.
When two engage in clashing arms,
Or even smashing faces,
The looker-on perceives the game
A deal of sport embraces.

[*The two square off and one of them addresses the other, suiting the action here and there to the word.*]

Come on, you're challenged to engage,
And I have never met two
Who couldn't fill a fair-sized stage
In one good lively *set*-to.
Come up! don't stand there leaning back,
For fear you'll get your head hit,
I never made a strong attack,
Excepting when I led it.

Take this—and that—with compliments—
And here's another coming,
You'll have to make a sharp defense
To keep this business humming.

[*The contestants rain blows one upon the other for a few moments and then retire.*]

Foot-Ball.

[*The foot-ball representatives, a boy and a girl, enter unannounced and take positions well to the front of stage in position for conversation, in which the girl leads.*]

Girl.—

When fellows want a lively time,
A scuffle free for all,
They like to rush around and kick
Each other like a ball.
Of course there has to be a *ball*,
And *foot-ball* is the game,
But then it means to one and all
A scuffle just the same.
The fellows never quite intend
To break each other's bones,
But then the game is sure to end
With bruises, limps, and groans.

Lad.—

Well, where's the fun if boys can't *rush*
And try their strength of limb?
I hate to hear such silly gush,
'Tis too much like a hymn.
These girls can't understand a game
Unless 'tis hide-and-seek

Or playing dolls, or pussy-cat,
  Or something quite as meek.
For lively from a good hard run,
  With kickers tearing round,
Will make one feel his strength of heel
  Before the goal is found.
For twenty lads or more to kick
  Together at a ball
May quite confuse or somewhat bruise
  Each other now—that's all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Croquet.

[*Enter troupe of four or six girls.*]

First Girl.—
The men claim authority over the courts,
And boys will monopolize most of the sports.
They do the prize-rowing, they manage base-ball,
They handle the cricket, and try to run all.
But while many times they secure their own way,
They have to stand back when it comes to croquet.
Sometimes we allow them a mallet and ball,
And rarely a champion over us all.
But out on the lawn we can claim equal right
And settle our merit according to might.
From start until finish, with players well matched,
The game has a charm that is closely attached.
So long as one ball is kept back from the end
Uncertainty will its encouragement lend,
To those who, though seeming behind in the race,
Keep hoping at last to secure the first place.

Second Girl.—
'Tis fun when a player has rather loose nerves,
To say, "You can't hit," and mark where his ball swerves.
Or when one, with quite over-confident air
In playing makes blunders, the way he will stare
As others creep past him, is apt to amuse
If he is the victim of some clever ruse.
'Tis sport for just two in the game to enlist,
You've tried it. Ah! no? Then enjoyment you've missed.
Quick played, quick decided, unless some gross flaw
In the lawn should delay, and the time longer draw.
But *sides*, playing sides, is what most we enjoy
When each side consists of a girl and a boy.
To hinder each other—the two sides, you know,
Is what we attempt, and our progress is slow
Till one becomes rover, and gets in the way
Of his partner, who on him continues to play
And quick to its close brings the standing suspense
(A game where the novice "can't see any sense").

Third Girl.—
Sometimes a sharp player his chief object makes
To play on opponents and get to the stakes,
While even his partner may linger behind
Till he has attained the desire of his mind.
He hopes to play rover and thus turn about,
But sometimes opponents will just *put him out*,
Combine against his partner and thus win the game,
For which he is brought to retributive shame.

Fourth Girl.—
Sometimes there's a *booby*—can't pass the first wire,
And when he returns for a "steadier fire,"

Another, in mischief, will knock him about
Until from position he's constantly out.
It takes a long time for some players to learn
The folly of playing when out of their turn.
The rest get ahead, and, though loud he may scoff,
One gets on a *whitewash* he cannot rub off.

All in concert.—
You may hammer and hammer to make us learn books,
But here we do hammering "on our own hooks."
There are numerous games we enjoy much to play,
But for out-of-door practice, oh! give us croquet.
[*Exeunt all but King Carnival, who rises and calls:*]
Come, gather ye, good players all,
Once more before my throne,
King Carnival delights to see
True subjects of his own.

[*All troop in to music, bow low three times before the throne, then retire backward from the stage, re-enter, and curtain falls as they bow in homage. In each of the exercises it is desirable that suitable costumes be worn, and each representative of the several sports should be equipped with the proper implement. A gymnastic drill at the close by four tennis, two base-ball, and four croquet players with racquets, bats, and mallets can be arranged.*]

The Sniggles Family

A

HUMOROUS ENTERTAINMENT

FOR

NINE YOUNG LADIES

THE SNIGGLES FAMILY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WIDOW SNIGGLES.
Eldest daughter, S'MANTHY ANN, a coquette.
Second daughter, JERUSHY, afflicted with hay fever.
Third daughter, ANGELICA REGINA UTOPIA, an æsthete.
Fourth daughter, SILVICTA LORENA, the prima donna.
Fifth daughter, ANGINA PECTORIS, the pathetic soul.
Sixth daughter, ELECTORIA CASSANDRA, or Poll, the elocutor.
Seventh daughter, MEHITABEL, or Graciana Sublima, the graceful girl.
Eighth daughter, JEMIMA, the giggler.

[SCENE—*A parlor with eight chairs ranged in a semicircle. The* WIDOW SNIGGLES *and* DAUGHTERS *enter in pairs, singing.*]

[*Air:* "John Brown's Body," etc.]

The fam'ly of the Sniggles has just come to town.

[*Repeated three times.*]

And we are marchin' round.

Chorus.

Jolly, jolly, high falutin',

[*Repeated three times.*]

And we are marchin' round.

[*The* DAUGHTERS *are seated, and* THE WIDOW *advances, addressing the audience.*]

Ladies and gentlemen! Friends, fellow-citizens, and countrymen! This is the great and only, the grand and peculiar, the rich, racy, and rare Sniggles family. [*Aside*—

Rise and bow, my children.] It is an unusual privilege, my friends, which you enjoy this evening of witnessing this great moral spectacle, rivaling, as a public educator, Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show. We aim, by this exhibition, to strengthen your virtues and root up your follies—a powerful undertaking, as I see at a glance. Besides this opportunity [*aside*—Beam on the folks, my dears], you are honored by the company of them who have held familiar converse with the potentates of earth in Asia, Afriky, and the isles of the sea. [JEMIMA *giggles.* Do stop your giggling, Jemima] Dookes and kings has delighted to do us honor, and Queen Victory invited us to meet her grandson from Germany, but we thought we'd come here instead. [My dear—*to* ANGINA PECTORIS—don't cry. ANGINA *weeps copiously.* My dear, don't cry; you cut my heart like an adder. *The pathetic one loudly wails.*] Every time I speak of Victory she always takes on this way, because it reminds her of His Royal Highness Alphonzo Alexander Anaxagoras Anaximander Guelph, her beau, who jilted her. [Be quiet, now; you've cried a-plenty.] Besides its being a moral show and a world-renowned exhibition, my friends and fellow-countrymen, I appeal straight to your very hearts. I am—I am—a—widow! Abinadab [*profuse grief, shared by all*] when he departed from this mundane spere; Abinadab [*she looks at his picture and weeps afresh*] he tries to chirk me up, and says he to me, says he, "dry those bedoozlin' tears off your downy cheeks; all the world loves widows." It was cheering, and his spirits was amazing. And says he, "There's a fortune in your being a widow with all these girls, so beautiful, so bewitchin', so graceful, and so grand. And no one can turn a cold shoulder on

you" I am nice looking; at least Abinadab, of blessed memory, always told me so. Now, here we are, me and my girls, to instruct, amuse, and elevate you. It will be your fault if we don't succeed.

The Coquette

[S'manthy Ann *advances and is introduced by her mother.*]

Widow Sniggles.—In introducin' to you my lovely and beauteous family, I cannot confer a greater boon upon the audience than an acquaintance with my first-born, my S'manthy Ann. Me and Abinadab [*loudly sniffing*]—would he were with us on this suspicious occasion!—felt quite sure from the first that our little birdling would make an oncommon flutter in this transitory spere. As soon as her wing bones sprouted (she always makes me talk so poetic) she began to use her eyes bewitchin'-like [*aside*—bewitch two or three of the folks right now, S'manthy Ann] that her beaus buzzed about her like bumblebees. But she just drew them on to their own destruction. Twenty-seven of them committed suicide; as many more went West; several drownded their sorrows in the flowin' bowl, and a hospital for incurables had to be started in our town. Such have been a few of her triumphs! [S'manthy Ann, you might just give one of your killin'est glances. Select an old fellow, though, because he's tough, and it won't hurt much.] See how artistic she cuts her eyes round!

[S'manthy Ann *retires with evident delight at her fresh conquest.*]

The Hay Fever Patient

Widow Sniggles.—After the takin' way that S'manthy Ann has coquetted for the ladies and gentlemen, I will venture to intrude upon your notice my next eldest daughter, my blessed, afflicted Jerushy. [*She advances amidst general but subdued sobbing, sneezing violently, and flourishing a large handkerchief.*] We have strove to do our part to cure her. We have been on the tops of all the highest mountains, and even stayed a week in the crater of Vesuvius, at the very best hotel there, but it didn't do no good. You see what a wreck she is of a beautiful girl. [Jerushy *is dissolved in tears, interrupted with sneezing.*] She was uncommon like her ma before she was afflicted. She caught this cold out sparkin' at the garden gate. Girls, take warnin'! I don't say don't spark, because you all will do it; but I do say, if it was my partin' words, *don't take hay fever.*

[*Amidst a paroxysm of sneezing,* Jerushy *retires to her seat.*]

The Æsthete

Widow Sniggles.—We now come to a more pleasing subject of conversation. I am proud of my daughter Angelica Regina Utopia. [Angelica *advances, the whole family smiling, while* Jemima *giggles.*] The ado she kicks up everywhere among the folks is like balm to my wounded feelings. Specially did she raise a mighty row in England when we were first there, several years ago. Oscar Wilde just raved over her. He wrote her poetry by the yard, and all the girls grew greenish-yellow with jealousy. The sit of her gowns,

the way she walked, the toss of her head, and what she had for dinner was daily reported in the London *Times*. In fact, half a dozen reporters called every morning to know what she was going to do during the day. She was mighty popular. Oscar has just sent her a sweet little thing which she will now repeat to you :

POETRY OF AN ÆSTHETE

[*Repeated languidly.*]

Oh ! to be utterly utter !
To mutter and sputter and stutter !
To roll up the eyes,
And to look wondrous wise !—
  This is to be utterly utter.

Oh ! to be Oscarly too-too !
To be nothing quite through and through !
To languidly loll,
And to prate, à la fool !—
  Oh ! thus one is ever too-too.

Oh ! to be greenery yallow !
To be callow, and fallow, and sallow !
To wear a tea gown
Striped pea-green and brown !—
  This thusness is greenery yallow.

Oh ! to be real æsthetic !
Pathetic ! Magnetic ! Æsthetic !
To take sunflower for rose,
And to turn up the nose !—
  True signs of the real æsthetic.

[ANGELICA REGINA *resumes her seat.*]

The Prima Donna

Widow Sniggles.—It would be more nor human to try and beat that last exhibition of grace and beauty; but, friends, I think I can do it. Here's my fourth darling and beauty, Silvicta Lorena Sniggles [*she arises*], that name we were specially proud on, is our martingale. She sings when she's asked and when she isn't. [Silvicta *begins, but is checked.*] Wait a moment, my swan, you can sing a stave presently when your ma gets through. We have to shut up the doors and windows tight when she begins, else there would be a street row with the folks crowdin' to hear her. Everywhere we've went the people has taken off their bracelets and necklaces and threw 'em at her in their delight. One boy actually threw his shoe, he was so taken with her. I hope her singin' will so please this distinguished audience that they will throw anything that is handy, and we'll catch it. Now, Silly [that's our every-day name for the dear creature], do your level best; trill, quaver, and take your high notes as Signor Squallini bid you. [*She sings.*] Aint them high notes perfect?

[*The* Prima Donna *is seated, her sisters loudly applauding her efforts.*]

The Pathetic Soul

Widow Sniggles—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been;'"
But sadder than these are sometimes seen:
It is, but it hadn't oughter been.

My beloved Angina Pectoris [*she arises and advances*] is a feelin' illustration of both these poetical situations. "It might have been"—yes, truly; for wasn't she engaged to his R. H. Alphonzo Alexander Anaxagoras Anaximander, and she might have been her Royal Highness ditto, but—but—he jilted her! [*An agonized shriek from* ANGELICA, *chorused by the rest.*] Positively jilted so much female loveliness! It is heart rendering to think of it!! [*All weep.*] You do well to weep, my dears, for your sad and love-lorn sister. [ANGINA *is entirely overcome, and falls over on the* PRIMA DONNA.] "It is, but it hadn't oughter been"—Angina Pectoris is left lamentin'. [My dear, sit up and be pathetic for the ladies. Show them how woe-begone Naxie left you]—we called him Naxie, 'twas handier than the whole of it, when he came a-courtin'. We named her Angina Pectoris after he jilted her, because it gave her heart disease. Look at her now; aint she doing it beautiful?

[ANGINA *mourns according to taste, and is assisted in retiring by two of her sisters, having fallen to the floor in a swoon.*]

THE ELOCUTOR

Widow Sniggles.—The next is my darling daughter Electoria Cassandra. [ELECTORIA *comes forward.*] Me and her pa [*sniffs from the family and a sob from the* WIDOW] was very fond of Electoria Cassandra. We called her Poll, for short. From earliest infancy, by the way she howled and screamed, we knew she was going to be something wonderful. All our children were wonderful. But we decided that Electoria Cassandra should be an elocutor, because she shrieked so. And

we were not mistaken. The way she does elocute is amazin'. [Electoria Cassandra, Poll, my dear, give the ladies and gentlemen a specimen of your elocutin'.] She has a tender and touchin' thing on pigs that's equal to anything of Swineburne's. [Speak it out nice, now, my dear. Don't git skern.]

THE PIG POEM

DEDICATED TO THE HOST OF A COUNTRY BOARDING-HOUSE

Squeak! squeak! squeak!
  From the front to the back of the door;
And I would that my tongue could utter
  How utterly I abhor

The squealing pigs that come
  From the pigsty under the hill,
With their low-bred snouts and stupid eyes,
  And voice that is never still.

'Twere well for the small-sized boy
  To hound off the piggies at play,
But better still for mine host
  To keep them securely at bay.

Squeak! squeak! squeak!
  From my window's height, oh! me!
The silence sweet of a day that has fled
  Will never returnéd be.

[*After Tennyson—at some distance.*]

The Graceful Girl

Widow Sniggles.—And now, what can I say of my next to my youngest, my cherub, my angel, my Mehita-

bel? [MEHITABEL *advances, smirking and bowing.*] She unites in herself all the graces. English is too poor to express my feelings. As the foreign poets have said, she is "E pluri buster, sick semper tyrannis, and knee plush ulster!" We called her Mehitabel at first, but Graciana Sublima is alone suitable for one whose every movement is living poetry. Why, the very nudge of her elbow is the inspiration for a sonnet. Every country we have visited has asked to be called her native heath. [Mehitabel, my dear, gratify this waiting throng by dancin' one of your Spanish boleros, first making a low bow à la Italienne.—MEHITABEL *bows, and just escapes tumbling over, while she executes a jig as awkwardly as possible.*] Aint she too lovely! My heart just goes a-wallopin' with joy when she's a-dancin'.

[MEHITABEL *pulls up with a jerk, and throws over a chair in taking her seat.*]

THE GIGGLER

Widow Sniggles.—This is my youngest, my gosling, my fairy, my baby, in fact, Benjamin, as it were, so to speak. Upon her has been lavished all the wealth of my widowed affections. [Jemima, come here and kiss your ma.] But, let me confide to you, friends, she has a habit [JEMIMA *giggles.* Do, pray, stop for a minute], a dreadful habit. To cure her I have stood her up on her toes in the corner; I have made her hold her mouth full of peas; but it's all no use, she will giggle. My only hope is in her extreme youth, that she will outgrow it. I exhibit her simply as a warnin', the climax to this great moral show. [Now, gig a little, just a little, Jemima, dear.] The gigulariousness with which she

gigs passes all believin'. [Gig on, just a few, and then stop.]

[JEMIMA *giggles tumultuously and is checked by her ma, who thanks the audience for kind attention to herself and daughters, which, however, is quite their due. All rising, they go out singing*]

THE PARTING ODE

[*Air:* "Coque chelunk," etc.]

Fare ye well, 'twill give you sorrow
Thus to part from ma and us;
But we hope our little visit
Will not make a rousin' fuss.
Chorus.—Coque chelunk, etc.

Well we know you have not dresses,
Bonnets, fans, nor gloves like ours;
Neither can you sing sweet ditties
To bewitch the waking hours.
Chorus.—Coque chelunk, etc.

You'll remember us with pleasure
For our beauty, grace, and song.
Now we'll say good-night and bye-bye
To the whole assembled throng.
Chorus.—Coque chelunk, etc.

[*They march in time to the music, waving fans, and bowing.*]

SUGGESTIONS FOR COSTUMES

Widow.—Large poke bonnet, decorated with nodding plumes; frill cap, mantilla, reticule, fan, and large miniature of Abinadab at her neck.

First Daughter.—Ball dress, with elaborate ornaments.

Second Daughter.—Dressing gown, shawl, head wrapped up and nose painted red.

Third Daughter.—Gown, greenish-yellow, with sunflower decorations.

Fourth Daughter.—Suggestion unnecessary.

Fifth Daughter.—Limp white dress with narrow black sash and wreath of straggling leaves over disheveled hair.

Sixth Daughter.—Suggestion unnecessary.

Seventh Daughter.—Ungraceful effects and unbecoming styles to be selected.

Eighth Daughter,—To be dressed as a small child with baby cap and high-neck apron.

All carry large fans.

Doctor Cure-All

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

BY

S. JENNIE SMITH

CHARACTERS

Dr. Cure-all, who has a remedy for everything.

Maria, maid of fourteen who has a peculiar gait.

Mrs. Brown, who wants to reduce her flesh.

Miss Jane Scrimpins, who desires to bleach her hair.

Mr. Alphonso De Jones, who wishes to raise a mustache.

Mrs. Rotchkins, a fond mother.

Miss Kate Rotchkins, her daughter, who is bashful.

Miss Seraphina Paddington, who wants to be tall.

Mrs. Scrawny, who is anxious to be plump.

Mrs. Blooming, handsome widow in search of a husband.

DOCTOR CURE-ALL

ACT I

[SCENE—*Room scantily furnished as doctor's office. Door on right leading to private office. Door, left, opens on street. Enter* DR. CURE-ALL. *Picks up newspaper.*]

Dr. (*reading aloud*).—"Glorious news! Dr. Cure-all promises a positive and speedy remedy for all the ills to which flesh is heir. Call between nine and two at 163 State Street." There! that will bring them without a doubt. Now for my experiments.

[*Bell rings. Maria enters from right door, opens left, and admits* MRS. BROWN, *a fat woman, closely veiled.*]

Mrs. B.—May I see Dr. Cure-all?

Dr. (*rising*).—Good morning, madam; take a seat. Can I do anything for you to-day?

Mrs. B.—You promised, in your advertisement, to cure all ills. Now, I am burdened with a superfluity of flesh. Do you think you could relieve me of some of it?

Dr.—Think, madam? I am sure of it. I can sell you a mixture that will produce a gratifying result inside of a month.

Mrs. B.—Oh! what happiness!

Dr.—And will not harm you in the least. Maria, bring me No. 16.

[MARIA *goes to private office and returns with a small bottle filled with a brown liquid.*]

Dr.—There, madam, you have a sovereign remedy for your complaint. Take as directed.

Mrs. B.—A thousand thanks! How much am I indebted to you?

Dr.—Seven dollars in all; two for advice and five for the mixture.

Mrs. B. (*taking bottle and paying*).—Gladly would I give five times as much to be relieved of this load of flesh. Good morning.

[*Exit.*]

Dr.—I wish she had said that sooner. Eh, Maria?

Maria.—Yes, indeedy.

[*Bell rings.* MRS. SCRAWNY, *a very thin woman, admitted.*]

Mrs. S.—Good morning, Doctor. Will you kindly send this girl from the room? I wish to consult you privately.

Dr—Certainly. Maria, will you vacate?

Maria (*pretending to be afraid of* MRS. S.).—Yes, indeedy.

Mrs. S. (*nervously*).—Are you sure there is no one around, Doctor? Wouldn't it be well to cover the keyholes?

[DR. *hangs cloths over the keyholes.*]

Mrs. S.—Perhaps you haven't noticed it yet, Doctor—perhaps the casual observer would scarcely realize the fact that I am—very thin.

Dr—Now that you speak of it, madam, I do notice a slight resemblance to a match—

Mrs. S. (*indignantly*).—What!

Dr.—Allow me to finish, madam. I was about to say that I saw a resemblance to the matchless Mrs. Livingstone, whose lack of flesh is her only drawback.

Mrs. S.—Well, you see, I should like to possess a little more flesh—that is, I want to be just plump, you know.

Dr.—I understand. Nothing is more easily accomplished. One bottle of my No. 18 is all you want. [*Goes to right door.*] Maria, bring me No. 18.

Maria (*appearing at door*).—No. 18 is not fully prepared yet, sir.

Dr.—Then bring me 11 and 7. That makes 18, I believe—did when I went to school.

[MARIA *brings two bottles.*]

Dr.—It is an ill-wind, madam, that blows nobody any good, madam. Here, you see, my ill-wind brings you two bottles for the price of one. Half a dose of each at a time, and mix well before taking.

Mrs. S—How fortunate for me! What have I to pay?

Dr.—Only seven dollars, madam, and it will be worth hundreds to you.

Mrs. S. (*paying*).—Good morning.

[*Exit.*]

Dr.—We are doing famously, Maria. I shall be able to raise your salary very soon.

Maria.—Yes, indeedy.

[*Bell rings.* MISS JANE SCRIMPINS *admitted.*]

Maria.—Walk this way, please.

Miss Jane (*aside, as she curiously watches* MARIA).—I shouldn't care to walk that way if I stood still all the

days of my life. [*Aloud.*] Good morning, Doctor; is it true that you can do anything you want to?

Dr.—I am able to accomplish a great deal of what people are pleased to style the impossible. What service may I render you?

Miss Jane.—I want something that will change my hair to a beautiful blond color, and I am afraid to use any of the deleterious stuffs manufactured by hair companies? Can you assist me in this matter?

Dr.—Most assuredly, miss, and before many days are over you will feel like hugging me.

Miss Jane.—What!

Dr.—That is—I mean to say—you will be everlastingly obliged to me.

Miss Jane—That sounds better. What are your charges?

Dr.—Seven dollars in all.

Miss Jane—Aren't you a little dear?

Dr. (*smilingly*).—In my younger days, miss, the ladies did consider me so.

Miss Jane (*freezingly*).—I mean isn't your price exorbitant?

Dr.—Not at all, miss. You would pay seven dollars for beautiful shoes; why not as much for lovely hair? [*Consulting a little book.*] No. 9 is what you want. Maria, bring me No. 9.

[MARIA *brings No.* 9.]

Miss Jane (*paying*).—Good morning, sir.

[*Exit.*]

[*Bell rings. Enter* ALPHONSO DE JONES.]

A. De J.—Doctor, you see before you a smooth-faced youth, who, knowing that the dear ladies dote on mus-

taches, has tried in vain for the last six months to raise one. Can you do anything for me in that line?

Dr.—Yes, you can raise an elegant mustache in less than a month with my No. 24. Maria, No. 24, please.

[MARIA *brings No.* 24.]

Dr.—Apply externally, as directed. Only seven dollars, sir.

A. De J. (*paying*).—Thanks, awfully, Doctor. Good day.

[*Exit.*]

[*Bell rings.* MRS. ROTCHKINS *and her daughter* KATE *admitted.*]

Mrs. R. (*aside to* KATE).—Now, daughter, try to throw aside your reserve for once. [*To* DOCTOR.] Sir, I wish to consult you alone. May my daughter and this young lady retire to another room?

Dr.—Certainly, madam. Maria will you escort the young lady to the next room?

Maria.—Yes, indeedy. [*She takes* MISS R. *by the hand and almost drags her from the room.*]

Mrs. R.—Doctor, I wish to consult you about my daughter. She is afflicted with extreme bashfulness. I can scarcely induce her to leave the house, and when she does go out, she won't open her mouth to say a word. She is a bright, intelligent girl, too.

Dr.—I noticed that, madam, and I can easily effect a cure. Your daughter will shine in society in less than a month. [*Going to right door.*] Maria, No. 84.

[*Enter* MARIA *with No.* 84 *and* MISS KATE *with finger in her mouth.*]

Dr.—There, madam, one bottle will work like a charm. Only seven dollars, too.

Mrs. R. (*paying*).—How can I ever sufficiently thank you! Come, daughter.

Dr. (*taking* MRS R. *aside*).—Will the young lady understand why she is taking this?

Mrs. R.—Oh! yes; I shall explain to her now that I feel sure that the change can be effected.

Dr.—You see it is necessary for the patient to understand; otherwise the change coming on might cause a shock which probably would be disastrous.

Mrs. R.—I see. Good day, sir.

[*Exit* MRS. *and* MISS R.]

Maria.—Well, that is the funniest girl I ever laid my two eyes on. She wouldn't say a blessed word to me.

Dr.—She'll talk fast enough soon. Say, Maria, if we keep on in this way your salary will be doubled. I think we had better open the office an hour or two earlier after this. When you go home to-night carry a bottle of No. 96 with you and take a dose before retiring. 96 is for early rising, you know. [*Aside.*] I wish I dared offer her a bottle for straight walking, but I don't want to insult the dear little thing. She thinks she is grace personified.

[*Bell rings. Enter* MISS SERAPHINA PADDINGTON.]

Miss S. P.—Doctor, can you make a short person tall?

Dr.—That I can, miss, and I must say you would be a perfect woman with a few inches added to your height.

Miss S. P. (*looking pleased*).—Oh! thank you.

Dr.—Maria, bring me No. 63. [MARIA *obeys*] Now, miss, all you've got to do is to take as directed, and the result will be surprising. Seven dollars, miss, and cheap at that. Isn't that so, Maria?

Maria.—Yes, indeedy.

Miss S. P. (*paying*).—What a blessing you must be to suffering humanity, sir.

Dr.—It is kind of you to say so, miss. Thank you. Good-day.

Miss S. P.—Good-day, sir.

[*Exit.*]

[*Bell rings. Enter* MRS. BLOOMING, *a handsome widow.*]

Dr.—Good morning, madam. What service can I render to you? Surely, a lady of your beauty cannot be in need of my attention?

Mrs. B.—You flatter me, Doctor. I am a lonely widow, in search of a husband. Are you able to supply me with one?

Dr.—Why, my dear madam, this is not a matrimonial bureau, nor can I manufacture a man.

Mrs. B.—But could you not find one?

Dr.—I don't know. There are plenty of tramps around this neighborhood, but, of course, a tramp wouldn't do.

Mrs. B.—Hardly.

Dr.—Then there is the one-eyed butcher.

Mrs. B.—Out of the question.

Dr.—There is an old man around the corner looking for a wife, but he swears like a trooper.

Mrs. B.—He need not apply.

Dr.—What kind do you require, madam?

Mrs. B.—You ought to know, Doctor, what qualities I desire in a husband. You were acquainted with my former husband, Theophilus Blooming. He died five years ago, leaving me with a snug fortune.

Dr.—I should think I did know Theophilus Blooming. He was a noble fellow, and I shall be delighted

to do anything I can for his widow. Call in a few days, madam, and in the meantime I'll look around and see what I can do.

Mrs. B.—Oh! thank you. How much am I indebted to you?

Dr.—Nothing, my dear madam. I have not aided you in any way. [*Shaking hands with widow.*] Good morning. Don't fail to call in a few days.

Mrs. B.—Good morning.

[*Exit.*]

Dr.—Maria, that is the most pleasing woman I have laid my eyes on in a good while, and the handsomest.

Maria.—Yes, indeedy.

Dr.—Now, we are in duty bound to find her a suitable companion. Do you happen to know of a man that would be likely to take her fancy?

Maria.—No, indeedy; there isn't a man in this town that is worthy of her.

Dr.—I agree with you there. But we must look around. Now, go home to your dinner, child, and I'll take a nap while I'm waiting for mine. If any one else should come, the bell will wake me. Somehow, Maria, I can't help thinking of that dear little widow. We must look around.

Maria (*aside*).—I'm beginning to think we won't have to look very far. [*Aloud.*] Yes, indeedy, we'll look.

[*Exit.*]

[*Doctor lies on the lounge and falls asleep. Cries out: "Dear little widow!" several times in his sleep. Finally snores vociferously.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II

[*Scene as before.* MARIA *reading. Enter* DOCTOR.]

Dr.—Well, Maria, fortune seems almost ready to smile on me. I think to-day will decide the result of some of my experiments. It is just a month since I commenced practice here, and in that time I have treated many patients.

[*Bell rings.*]

Dr.—Ah! that may be one of my patients returning to thank me for my services in his behalf.

[*Enter* MRS. BROWN, *who is personated by a very thin woman with* MRS. BROWN'S *clothes hanging loosely on her. Still closely veiled.*]

Mrs. B. (*angrily*).—Sir, behold the ruin you have wrought with your diabolical No. 16.

Dr.—Ruin, madam? You wanted to be thin, and I have worked wonders in your case.

Mrs. B.—I should think you had. I didn't ask to look like a knitting-needle. What are you going to do about it?

Dr.—I might give you a bottle of No. 18.

Mrs. B. (*in thundering tones*).—No, you will not. I shall take no more of your wicked decoctions. I suppose you would like to make me twice as fat as I was before. But I'll have my revenge, sir. You shall hear from me soon.

[*Exit.*]

Dr.—Well, that is a pretty how-do-you-do. What's the matter with fortune now?

[*Bell rings.* MISS JANE SCRIMPINS *appears with hair as white as snow.*]

Miss Jane.—Behold, sir.

Dr.—Good morning, miss.

Miss Jane.—Don't good morning me; I won't stand it. See what you have done to my hair!

Dr.—You wanted it light, miss, and I'm sure it couldn't be lighter.

Miss Jane (*savagely*).—I didn't ask for gray hair; I'm not an old woman. I wanted it blond.

Dr.—I am exceedingly sorry, miss, that you are not satisfied.

Miss Jane.—Yes, and you'll be sorrier yet before I'm done with you. I'll sue you for ten thousand dollars.

[*Exit.*]

Dr.—Ten thousand dollars! What do you think of that, Maria? And I'm worth at this minute about fifteen dollars. All that I have collected so far has gone to pay back debts, and this whole establishment is not worth more than fifteen dollars, bottles and all.

[*Bell rings. Enter* MR. ALPHONSO DE JONES *with a very red mustache.*]

A. De J. (*scornfully*).—Sir, to you I am indebted for this disfigurement on my face.

Dr.—Disfigurement, my dear young man? I see nothing but a beautiful little mustache.

A. De J.—Do you not see, sir, that it is red! red!! red!!!

Dr.—What of that? Are you not aware that nine out of every ten young men have red mustaches?

A. De J.—I don't care if they do. I prefer to be the tenth man with a black mustache.

Dr.—You might try dyeing, sir.

A. De J.—No, you'll probably be the one who will try dying. I'm going to consult my lawyer, and if the law can't settle you, I can.

[*Exit.*]

Dr. (*nervously*).—Maria, this is getting scarey.

Maria.—Yes, indeedy.

[*Door opens, and* MISS KATE ROTCHKINS *rushes boldly in, anxiously followed by* MRS. R.]

Mrs. R.—You really must excuse us, sir, for coming in without ringing, but my daughter—

Miss Kate.—Oh! pshaw! what's the use of standing on ceremony? The door was unlocked and I came in.

Dr.—Quite right, miss.

Miss Kate.—Of course. Oh! say, ma, look at that funny little image on the mantel. Where did you get it, Doctor?

Dr.—A present, miss.

Mrs. R.—Daughter, don't be rude.

Miss Kate.—I'm not rude, ma, I'm sociable. Most people like my sociability, but you are always finding fault. Hello! there's dear little Maria. Say, Maria, will you take me in the other room and show me—never mind, I can go myself. I'm going to look at all those numbered bottles and see how the Doctor makes his stuff. [*Rushes in private office, followed by* MARIA.]

Mrs. R. (*sadly*).—I'm a very miserable woman, Doctor.

Dr—How so, madam?

Mrs. R.—Can you not see the deplorable change in my beloved daughter?

Dr.—But I thought you desired it, madam?

[*During this conversation* MISS KATE *can be heard talking loudly in the next room.*]

Mrs. R.—Not any such change as that, Doctor. She was once a modest, well-behaved girl. What is she now? I am ashamed to take her out, but if I leave her at home I'm sure to find her in mischief when I return. My heart is broken. [*Weeps.*]

Dr. (*anxiously*).—My dear madam, I am exceedingly sorry.

[*Noise of falling glass in private office.* DR. *and* MRS. R. *start toward the door.*]

Miss Kate (*looking out*).—Don't be frightened. I only broke a few empty bottles.

[DR. *and* MRS. R. *take their seats.*]

Mrs. R.—I thought perhaps you could take her in hand, Doctor. There are rooms to let next door and I'm going to move there and bring her in every day for you to treat. We'll be around this way in the morning and then we'll stop in. I won't detain you now, for I saw a very stout woman who seemed to be coming here, and I think she is probably in a hurry to see you.

[*Enter* MISS KATE *and* MARIA.]

Miss Kate.—I don't see how you stand it, Maria, here all day with a pokey old man.

Mrs. R. (*reprovingly*).—Daughter!

Miss Kate.—Well, he knows he's a pokey old man. He aint young, I'm sure.

Mrs. R.—Good morning, Doctor. Come, daughter.

Miss Kate.—Yes, yes, I was ready long ago, if you had only said so. Good morning, Doc., good morning, Maria; hope you'll enjoy yourself.

[*Exit* MRS. R. *and daughter.*]

Dr. (*sorrowfully*).—Maria, they're going to live next door.

Maria.—Who? That crazy girl and her moaning mother?

Dr.—Yes; how shall we endure it? I feel sorry for the poor woman, but I couldn't stand her crying in here every day, and as for that girl, she'd break every bottle I have in the place.

Maria.—Yes, indeedy.

Dr.—And, Maria, she said a stout woman was coming here in a hurry. Do you think—

[*Violent ring.* MARIA *admits* MRS. SCRAWNY, *who has on a large suit, which is stuffed in every way to make her look as large as possible.*]

Dr. (*timidly*).—Good morning, madam.

Mrs. S.—How dare you address me, sir? Do you see the mischief you have wrought?

Dr.—You wanted to be plump.

Mrs. S. (*indignantly*).—Plump? Yes, but I didn't ask to be made like Barnum's fat woman. This very morning some rude boys called after me, "There goes the fat lady from the circus!" Now what are you going to do about it?

Dr.—Perhaps you could take No.—

Mrs. S. (*savagely*).—I won't take anything.

Dr.—I'll tell you. Do a great deal of walking—

Mrs. S.—Walking! I'm all out of breath now from walking two blocks. Don't say any more. Don't speak to me. I just came in to mention that I would have my revenge. My husband even hinted something about tar

and feathers. You'll hear from us. And just wait till you see Miss Seraphina Paddington, the lady who wanted to be tall. She's tall enough now to suit anybody. Why, she's like a telegraph pole. She's a laughing stock for the town. She bumps her head against the ceiling whenever she stands up. She's just consulting her lawyer, and then she'll be here, mark my words! she'll be here!

[*Exit, slamming the door.*]

Dr. (*looking very much frightened*).—Maria, what am I to do? For an innocent, well-meaning man, I've got myself in an awful fix. Just think, I'm threatened with the law, with tar and feathers, and with assassination, not to speak of being harassed by that wild girl and her wailing mother. I must flee from the town. I'll go this very minute. [*Brings out a valise.*] But stop, that dear little widow was to call again to-day, and I have failed to find her a husband. Can I face her? Can I brave the others?

Maria.—Say, Doctor, you're a pretty good-looking fellow, if you're not young.

Dr.—Yes, Maria, but that won't help me out of these scrapes. I can't even leave the town, for I haven't a cent to go with.

Maria (*smiling*).—You're a kind-hearted man—in fact, you're nobility itself.

Dr.—Thanks, Maria, but flattery won't help me now.

Maria.—Yes, indeedy, it will. Don't you see? You are a man to be proud of—the widow is looking for such a one. You need money; she has it.

Dr. (*springing forward and grasping her hand*).—A thousand thanks, Maria, for the hint. I'll take advantage of it. What a stupid fellow I was not to think of

it myself. I've been in love with the widow all along and didn't know it.

[*Bell rings gently.*]

Dr.—There she is now, I know, for that isn't a mad ring.

[MRS. BLOOMING *admitted.*]

Mrs. B.—Good morning, Doctor. What! not going away, I hope?

Dr.—Yes, my dear madam, I find that I am a ruined man. I must begin life again in another town.

Mrs. B.—Oh! I am so sorry. But did you find—

Dr.—Yes, I did find a man that is longing to call you his own. He would make a devoted husband, but, my dear madam, he is painfully poor—he hasn't one cent.

Mrs. B.—What do I care for that? I have money enough for both of us. Where is he?

Dr.—My dear, he stands before you.

Mrs. B. (*looking pleased*).—You, Doctor?

Dr. (*taking her hand*).—I have loved you from the moment you first stepped into this office. Will I do?

Mrs. B.—Of course, you will. Don't you know that I meant you all the time? I knew all about you from poor Theophilus. On his dying bed he begged me if I ever married again, to marry you. He said it was through you that he made the fortune that he left me.

Dr.—Bless, you, my darling. And now could you take me at once? I have an unconquerable desire to leave in the eleven o'clock train. The nearest clergyman will marry us, and we just have time for the ceremony.

Mrs. B. (*handing him a purse*).—Yes, we may as well start at once. But what about little Maria? She must

have a generous sum to make up for losing her position As for the bottles—

Maria.—I'll call in the first junk man and dispose of them. [*Taking roll of bills which* MRS. B. *gives her.*] Oh! thank yon! [*Dancing about.*] Now mamma can have all she needs. Hurrah!

Dr. (*glancing nervously toward the door*).—Let us be off. [*Packs valise hastily,* MARIA *and* MRS. B. *making frantic efforts to help.*] Say, Maria, if you should conclude to keep up the business yourself, just let your patients have only half the amount of faith that I did. It's faith that works the cure, that's the secret of the business—the rest is only chocolate water—and when they have too much faith—well, you have seen the result.

[DR. *and* MRS. B. *exit.*]

Maria.—I guess I sha'n't keep up any faith and chocolate-water business, but I'll lock up the inner office for the present and leave this room to the tender mercies of the enraged patients. There isn't anything here worth stealing. In a day or two I'll come back and dispose of the contents of the private office. I'm in luck, yes, indeedy.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter* MRS. BROWN, MISS JANE SCRIMPINS, MR. ALPHONSO DE JONES, *and* MRS. SCRAWNY. *All look angrily around the room, stamp their feet, bang on the private office door, and in various ways show their displeasure at the Doctor's absence.*]

[*Enter* MRS. ROTCHKINS *and her daughter* KATE.]

Miss Kate.—Dear! dear! ma, I wonder what all this noise is about.

[*The others stare at* MISS KATE.]

Miss Kate.—Oh! look at that funny fat lady, and what a red mustache that man has! and, I say, ma, how do you suppose that lady got such gray hair? Whew! here comes the tallest woman I ever saw.

[*Enter* MISS SERAPHINA PADDINGTON, *made extremely tall by the aid of a broomstick. She rushes angrily from one end of the room to the other, and then rushes out, slamming the door.*]

Mrs. B.—Dr. Cure-all made that poor afflicted creature what she is.

Miss Jane.—Yes, and he made me what I am.

A. De J.—And he's responsible for my appearance.

Mrs. Scrawny.—And for mine.

Miss Kate.—I suppose he's responsible for my actions, too. Eh, ma? But he's beyond the reach of our revenge now. I just met that dear little Maria, and she says that Dr. Cure-all has gone off never to return. In fact, he's gone off to get married to the widow of the man that he ate mud pies with in his youthful days. So we might as well make the best of the mischief he has wrought and return quietly to our homes. Dr. Cure-all has at least taught us a good lesson—which is, in the words of the immortal Shakespeare:

> "'Twere better to bear the ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of."

Eh ma?

CURTAIN.

The Courting of Mother Goose

AN ENTERTAINMENT

BY

MISS H. D. CASTLE

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

Man in the Moon.—Bend light wire in shape of sphere, cover with yellow cloth or thin paper, paint eyes, nose, and mouth, place light within sphere. Fasten sphere to crosspiece, place crosspiece on head of person personating, fasten securely. Drape shoulders in light yellow cloth, yellow small clothes and stockings.

Mother Goose.—Cap, spectacles, and old-fashioned dress.

Santa Claus.—Fur coat and cap, long beard and hair.

Jack Horner.—Boy with large piece of mince-pie.

Old Woman who swept cobwebs from sky.—Mob cap and worn broom over shoulder.

Little Boy Blue.—Dressed in blue, carries horn.

Little Boo Peep.—Shepherdess dress, shepherd's crook.

Mother Hubbard.—Mother Hubbard dress and bonnet, carries large bone.

Little Bachelor.—Swallow-tailed coat, tall hat much bent, wheeling wheelbarrow.

Little Bride.—Sits in wheelbarrow, old-fashioned bonnet bent in comical shape, broken bandbox, umbre la, and bird cage in wheelbarrow.

Old Woman in Shoe.—Little girl in large pasteboard shoe, head out at top, dolls heads protruding from hole in side and at toe and heel.

Little Red Riding Hood.—Red cloak, basket on arm.

King Cole.—Old-fashioned costume, knee breeches, etc. Wears crown with "King Cole" printed on front.

Fiddlers Three.—Old fashioned costumes, carry fiddles.

Jack.—Head bandaged, arm in sling.

Jill.—Dilapidated pail on arm.

Rock O'by-Baby.—Small child with broken cradle.

Old Woman "with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes."

Bishop of Canterbury.—Rector's robes.

The Courting of Mother Goose

ACT I

Scene 1—Ordinary Room

Man in the Moon.—
I'm The Man in the Moon. On this green earth below
You call my face bright—mighty little you know!
I lived with you once, and learned here, no doubt,
To keep up appearances, turn best side out.
Young lovers all rave o'er my "soft silver light,"
When they're out for a ramble. It's silver, all right,
But my capital's borrowed, I'm in a sad plight.
If the Sun should refuse to give credit, some night,
The lovers and I would be all in the dark,
No moonshine about it, not even a spark.
The climate, in Moonland, is dreadful, you know,
The soil is so barren that nothing will grow,
No corn, no potatoes, no sugar, no wheat,
My stomach just yearns for things savory, sweet.
Once I'd turn up my nose with contemptuous sneeze,
If my good mother offered me porridge and cheese.
And fuel is scarce there, and I have to chop,
So I take porridge cold, when I can't get it hot.
And cheese is distressing for regular diet,
[*Hands on stomach.*]

If you don't believe it, why some of you try it.
Since the days of old Adam this fact has been known,
Tisn't good for a man to be living alone.
Now, I want a wife, to share my sad lot,
Chop all the fuel and pile round the pot,
Serve steaming porridge, and slice off the cheese,
And love and obey me, while I take my ease.
There's no time for fooling, I'm pressing my suit,
I took return ticket and came by Star route.

[JACK HORTER *eating large piece of mince-pie, comes on stage.*]

Mother Goose, a respectable woman, they say,
Is the one I've in mind. Can you tell me the way
To the good woman's house, little urchin, I pray?

[JACK *points, as he says "through pasture," at hay-stack.*]

Go through the pasture, where little Boo Peep
Is crying and hunting and calling her sheep;
Turn at the hay-stack, where little Boy Blue
Lies lazily sleeping all the day through,
Go up the hill
Of Jack and Jill,
In an old-fashioned house, close to grandfather's barn,
She sits in a rocking-chair, spinning a yarn.

[*Exit* MAN IN MOON. JACK *to audience:*]

Now that old lunatic's going to spark mother!
Wouldn't he make just a jolly step-father?
Give us nothing to eat but porridge and cheese,
I'd rather live on mince-pie, if you please.

[*Takes a bite, holds up plum.*]

There'd be nary a plum to pull with my thumb,
If that barren and dreary old moon was my home.
I don't believe he'll fool mother a bit,
She may be a goose, but she's got mother wit;
But I'll take the short cut for home, and just warn her,
We'll spoil his fine game, sure as my name's Jack Horner!

[*Takes bite of pie, and starts off on run.*]

Scene 2

[*Old-fashioned room.* Mother Goose *sitting in chair, knitting.* Jack Horner *bursts in.*]

Oh! say! mother, mother! the Man in the Moon
Is coming a sparking! he'll be here soon!
I hope you'll just hustle him out of the house,
He's mean, and he's selfish, and poor as a mouse;
The Moon is all mortgaged—he aint worth a cent,
Why even his moonlight, he says, is just lent.
He wants you to chop all his wood, and cut cheese,
And cook his old porridge, while he takes his ease;
And you'll have to mind him, he said so, himself.
Now, mother, you just lay him up on the shelf.

[*Knock at door.* Jack *runs out. Enter* Man in Moon. Jack *peeps in, and makes face at* Man in Moon.]

Man in Moon (*bowing low*).—
Madam, I come wooing. You're witty, and you're wise;
The music of your melodies has reached the very skies,
And lured me down a-wooing, and sighing for the prize.
Come, sing your merry songs for me, and drive away dejection,

For love of you, I spend my nights in sorrowful reflection;
Come, sing for me your melodies, so sweet and wise, and then,
With accents turned to silver, send them down to earth again.
Love, romance, high position will ever more be thine,
And you will fill them royally, for you were born to shine.
I love you! I adore you! Sweet Mother Goose be mine!

[*Kneels.* JACK, *peeping from scenes, or half-open door.*]

Mighty sweet, old Mister Moon'
You know how to spoon.
We'll fix you soon!

Mother G.—
Law me! how pretty you do talk! I've always heard it said
The moon made people love-sick, and kind of turned their head.
Some people call you fickle, "inconstant moon," they say;
I shouldn't think, to hear you talk, you'd be at all that way.
Judgin' from talk, I'd think you'd do the very best you could
To wait upon the wimmin folks, and chop the oven wood,
And be a good pervider, as all good husbands should.

Jack (*peeping out*) —
That's the talk! Give it to him, ma!

Man in the Moon.—
Ahem! It may be, dearest madam, I may not agree with you;

But 'twill be my joy to lift you to a higher, broader view.
You have your own opinions—all women have, I find—
A little calm reflection will, doubtless, change your mind.

Jack (*peeping out*).—
Guess she has her opinion of you.

Man in the Moon.—
But little things like these should not two loving hearts divide;
Oh! come with me! Oh! come with me, and be my beauteous bride!

Jack.—
We're a-comin', governor.

Mother G.—
Law me, you do talk pretty! But then before I go,
Perhaps I hadn't orter ask, but I'd kind of like to know
If your house is pretty sizable, and is it painted red?
And is your wood all sawed and chopped and piled up in the shed?

Jack.—
That's a good one, ma!

Mother G.—
And have you piles of beddin', and lots of feather beds?
Have you big and little spinnin'-wheels, and wool for spinnin' yarn?
And a good cow, and gentle horse a-standin' in the barn?
Is your cellar full of vegetables, all fresh and crisp and new?
Have you cookin' and eatin' apples, to last the winter through,

And scores of yeller punkins, all piled up nice and high?
It does beat all, my children are so fond of punkin-pie.

Man in the Moon (in dismay).—
Your children, ma'am! your children! your CHILDREN, did you say?
I didn't know you'd children! How many have you, pray?

[*Door bursts open and children troop in, headed by* JACK, *with large piece of mince-pie.*]

Jack.—Guess we're all here; if we aint ma'll blow the dinner horn and call the rest. [*Takes bite of pie.*]

[*Children gather about* MAN IN THE MOON.]

Old Woman.—
I am the old woman that soared so high,
Sweeping the cobwebs from the sky.
I know all about you, you can't fool me!
I swept you up tidy, you know me, I see.

Little Boy Blue.—
Did you see my cow jump over the moon?

Little Boo Peep.—
Did you steal my sheep? I bet you did! [*Weeps.*]

Mother Hubbard.—
Did you kill my dog, 'cause he laughed at the sport? Just like your mean tricks!

[*Holds up bone, whistles and calls.*]

Here, Rover! here, Rover!

Little Bachelor.—
I'll send my mice to eat up your cheese, you old moonshiner!

Old Woman in Shoe.—

Give me some bread and molasses! bread and molasses! Don't you hear the children crying?

[*Crying behind scenes.*]

Little Red Riding Hood.—

Give me some cakes for grandma! Give me some cakes for grandma!

[JACK HORNER *swallows last bit of pie and says:*]

I want some more mince-pie, governor! I'm 'most starved!

[*Children caper around* MAN IN MOON, *who edges toward door. Fiddlers play;* BOY BLUE *blows horn;* BOO PEEP *calls* "Co Nan, Co Nan." MOTHER HUBBARD *whistles and calls dog; children cry behind scenes;* MAN IN MOON *breaks through circle and runs out door; children cry,* "Goody! good! hurrah! *etc.;* JACK HORNER *turns summersault and says:* "We settled him!" MOTHER GOOSE *shakes finger at children and says:* "You naughty children!" *sinks into chair, holds sides and laughs.*]

ACT II

SCENE 1

[SANTA CLAUS' *home. Candy jars, rocking horses, drums, horns, and other toys in profusion.*]

Santa Claus.—

Well, here 'tis nearly Christmas, and the presents are not ready!
There are horns, and drums, and jumping-jacks for Tom, and Dick, and Teddy—

Rattles and rings, and tops and things, and whistles by the score,
And candy, candy, candy, till my house will hold no more.

[*Large dolls on shelf.* SANTA *takes one up.*]

Against these beautiful French dolls I enter a complaint—
For Paris styles and fashions would puzzle any saint.
They roll their eyes despairingly, beneath their lovely lashes,
And say "Mamma" so sadly, when I tie their silken sashes:
And how to tuck their petticoats, and how to sew the laces,
And curl their lovely flaxen hair, and paint their pretty faces,
Is too much for a clumsy man: [*lays doll down*] but all the women know
Just how to tuck, and curl, and paint, and tie a handsome bow.
I want a woman's judgment, too, in regard to filling stockings.
I know what tickles children—but then, 'tis sad and shocking,
How often, after Christmas day, the doctor comes a-knocking.
I know a woman who could all these errors rectify—
And she can toss a patty-cake, and bake a blackbird pie,
And sing a song o' sixpence, and write fine poetry.
This woman, wise and merry, would suit me to a T—
And why they call her "Mother Goose" I never yet could see.

I'd like to steal her goose some day, and change it to a saint—
Do you suppose she'd cry "foul play," and put in a complaint?
And do you think a woman, given to song and poetry,
Would fancy such a rough and bluff old fellow? Let me see.

[*Contemplates himself in glass.*]

Well, you're not very handsome, my friend, I must admit,
You'd better trim your whiskers, and black your boots a bit.
In spite of writing poetry, she's sensible, I know.

[*Goes to the door and calls.*]

Ho, there! hitch up the reindeers! My mind's made up; I'll go.

[*Blackens boots, trims whiskers, brushes hair, and other amusing pantomimes. Contemplates himself in glass.*]

Well, I don't look very dudish, after all my fuss.
Why, I'm all in a tremble! for all I look so bluff.
I'd better write a little speech—but then I'd just forget,
And couldn't say it, if I did. Whew! I'm all in a sweat.

[*Mops forehead with large red handkerchief.*]

I guess I'll take some candy [*fills pocket with candy*], it won't do any harm,
Most women folks like sweet things. Whew! aint it getting warm!

[*Wipes forehead. Sleigh bells ring behind scenes.*]

Is that the sleigh already! Wish I hadn't said I'd go!

I never felt so flustered in all my life, I know—
Whew! but it does beat everything how warm it seems
to grow!

[*Goes out, mopping face.*]

Scene 2

[*Room in* Mother Goose's *house.* Group of children in various attitudes. Mother Hubbard at cupboard; Boo Peep mending staff; Boy Blue mending horn; Jill trying to put hoop on pail; Jack, with bandaged head, lying on old-fashioned settee; Rock O'by-Baby, very small child, with broken cradle; Old Woman mending broom; Red Riding Hood mending basket; Bachelor mending wheelbarrow; Bride straightening bonnet; Fiddlers mending fiddles; King Cole with broken pipe and bowl, etc.]

[Jack Horner *rushes in.*]

Oh! say; don't you think here's another chap coming,
In the toniest turnout—he just comes a-humming!
He looks kind of sheepish, and smiling, and slick,
But I know, by the reindeers, it must be Saint Nic.
I know he's come sparking—he's rigged up in his best—
And Santa's the step-father I'd like the best!
'Tis a place that calls loud for a saint, I should think.
I hope mother'll say "yes" as quick as a wink.

Boo Peep.—Is it the one that comes round Christmas?

Jack.—The very identical one.

Red Riding Hood.—And fills all our stockings?

Jack.—Chock full and running over! Nothing mean about him!

Jack (Jill's *partner, sitting upon settee*).—We'd have Christmas all the time! It cures my crown to think of it!

Boy Blue.—I expect he'd get me a new horn!
Boo Peep.—And me a crook!
Rock O'by Baby.—And me a cradle!
Jill.—And us a pail!
Bachelor.—And me a wheelbarrow!
Bride.—And me a bonnet!
Red Riding Hood.—And me a basket!
Old Woman.—And me a broom!
King Cole.—And me a pipe!
Fiddlers.—And us some fiddles!

Jack Horner.—And think of all the good things to eat! Oh! my; candy, and plums by the bushel, and mother to make the mince-pies! [*Smacks lips.*]

We'll all wash our faces, and comb up our hair,
And put on our very best company air.
Girls, put on clean aprons, and fix up your best:
Boys, dust off your jackets, and pull down your vests:
And all mind your manners—no sauce, now, you know!
We'll all do our best to make this thing go.

[*Children rush around, calling*: "Where's the wash-basin?" "Where's the soap?" "Where's the comb?" "I can't find the brush!" "Button my apron!" "Brush my jacket!" *They wash, comb, brush, and put on clean aprons—boys sweeping each other with brooms.*]

ACT III

Mother Goose's Room

[*To make fire-place in* Mother G.'s *room*—Take side from large dry-goods box, excepting one board at top for under shelf; take boards from top of box, nail on projecting board for mantel-piece; hang curtain above

mantel-piece, so that some one can drop presents in at top of box without being seen; paint inside of box black, or cover with black calico; old-fashioned and-irons, shovel, and tongs. MOTHER G. in rocking-chair, knitting—sleigh-bells behind scenes. MOTHER G. listens.]

Mother G.—
Well, if it was time for Saint Nic to come round,
I should say, there's his bells! 'Tis the very same sound.
I declare they are stopping, [*knock at door*] and he's coming here!
Now what is he after! It's dreadfully queer!

[*Stops before glass and straightens cap, smooths apron as she goes to door, opens door.* SANTA *enters, cap in hand, bowing profoundly.*]

Santa.—
Good afternoon, madam, and how do you do?
I hope you are well, and your family, too.

Mother G. (*courtesies*).—
We're all middlin', thank you. The same wish to you.

Santa (*wiping face*).—
We're having warm weather for this time of year.

Jack H. (*peeping in*).—
He! he! he! He's scared most to death.

Mother G. (*setting chair*).—
Yes, ten below zero. Won't you take a cheer?

Mother G. (*seats herself in rocking chair and knits composedly*).—
You're around in good season, and in broad daylight.

S'pose you've too many stockings to fill in one night;
Or, may be, your almanac isn't just right.

Santa (*aside*).—
Oh, dear! hang the stockings! and almanacs too;
If I don't begin, I shall never get through!

[*Pulls handkerchief from pocket and scatters candy over floor.*]

Jack.—
Oh, my! just see the candy lying round loose!

Santa.—
I've wasted my sweetness, dear madam, you see,
Pray, pardon an awkward old fellow like me.

Mother G. (*brushes up candy with dust-pan and turkey wing*).—
Oh! that is no matter; no matter at all.

[SANTA *tries to get out of* MOTHER G.'S *way and knocks over work-basket.*]

Mother G.—
If you look at that basket it's ready to fall.

[*Picks up basket.*]

Jack.—
He! he! he! a bear in a china shop!

Santa.—
Madam, I'm flustered; I think you know why
As well as I do, by the laugh in your eye;
You know I'm in love, and you know it's with you—

[*Aside*]

(There, the murder is out! and I'm glad of it too)
Man is never so awkward, so some one has said,

As when he's in love. We agree on that head.
But I'm always awkward, for I must tell true·
And however I find the assurance to woo
A poet and singer, dear madam, like you,
Is a wonder. [*Aside*] I'll die before I get through!

Jack.—
Why don't ma help him out!

Santa.—
I couldn't talk sentiment, if I should try,
And a bear is as graceful and pleasing as I.

Jack.—
And knows how to hug.

Santa.—
But I've a snug home, I think it's as sweet
As the one in the song, but, to make it complete,
It needs a good woman to sit on the hearth,
And brighten it into a heaven on earth.
'Twould be joy to shut trouble and care from your life,
If you would sit there as my dear, honored wife.

Jack.—
We're all willin', ma.

Mother G.—
Well, I've no objection, though maybe I aint
Just fitted to be keepin' house for a saint.

Jack.—
Yes you be, ma!

Mother G.—
But, before we shall settle the matter for good,
I'll call in the children. I think that you should

Just count them, and take a good look at the brood.
Some men don't like children, if they're ever so good.
The last spark I had was light-headed and queer,
He took one good look, and, sakes! how he did clear!
He's shining around Mother Earth now, I hear.
A mother's a mother all the days of her life:
You must marry them all, if you make me your wife.

Santa.—
I honor your feelings, oh! woman divine!
"The more, 'tis the merrier," is a maxim of mine;
And where you show one, I can show ninety-nine,
I'll father yours, if you'll mother mine.

[MOTHER G. *opens door; children come in quietly, and stand, demurely bowing and courtesying.*]

Santa.—
Why, bless you, dear children! it does my heart good
To see such a good-looking, mannerly brood!

Mother G. (*leads up King Cole*).—
Here's my oldest, King Cole,
A good, jolly soul.

Santa (*shakes hands*).—
And sadly in need of a new pipe and bowl.
[*Goes to fire-place and calls.*]
Ho, there! a new pipe and bowl
For jolly King Cole.

[*Jingling of sleigh-bells overhead—pipe and bowl appear in fireplace*—SANTA *presents it to* KING COLE, *who bows low, seats himself in lounging attitude, bowl on table, pipe in mouth.*]

Mother G. (*beckons to* FIDDLERS THREE).—
These fiddlers three
Make music for me,
And for my son Cole,
The jolly, good soul.

Santa (*examining fiddle*).—
Hi diddle, diddle!
That's a bad fiddle!

Ho! there! Fiddles for three.

[*Fiddles appear, fiddlers bow low and take places behind* KING COLE.]

Mother G.—
This is my daughter, who sailed so high,
Sweeping the cobwebs from the sky.

Santa.—
The astronomers bless you, and so do I.
A broom for my daughter, who sailed so high,
Sweeping the cobwebs from the sky.

[*Old woman takes broom, courtesies, and takes seat; knits.*]

Mother G.—
This is Dame Hubbard. Her eyes are red
With weeping. Her faithful dog is dead.

Santa.—
Send down a dog that can stand on his head,
For poor Mother Hubbard. Her dog is dead.

[*Large toy dog appears, or, better still, a well-behaved live one.* MOTHER HUBBARD *goes to cupboard for bone. Takes seat. Knits.*]

Mother G.—
This is my daughter with bells on her toes,
She makes sweetest music wherever she goes;
But her white horse is dead—she has met with a loss,
She rides him no longer at Banbury Cross.

Santa.—
Send a white horse, the fastest that goes,
For my merry daughter with bells on her toes.

[*White rocking-horse appears. Old woman leads it to one side, mounts, rocks.*]

Mother G.—
This is Boo Peep,
Who looks after the sheep.

Santa.—
Send down a staff
That will make Boo Peep laugh.

[*Staff decorated with ribbons.*]

Boo Peep.—
Ooo! Thank you, sir.

Mother G.—
This is Boy Blue. He, too, tends the sheep,
When not under the hay-stack, fast asleep.

Santa.—
Give us a horn, the best that I make,
That toots loud enough to keep Boy Blue awake.

Mother G.—
Here's Jack and Jill,
They look quite ill,
They went up after water,
"Jack fell down

And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

Santa.—
Hello! there! A pail for Jack and Jill.

[*Gives to* JILL.]

This one won't break if it rolls down hill.

[JILL *courtesies.* JACK *bows. Take places at back or side of stage,* JILL *on inverted pail,* JACK *with head in* JILL'S *lap.*]

Mother G.—
This is "Rock O'by-Baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blew her cradle would rock,
But when the bough broke she had a sad fall,
Down came Rock O'by, cradle and all."

Santa.—
Send a stout cradle for Rock O'by-Baby.
Swing high, and swing low, in it, my little lady.

[MOTHER G. *places cradle at one side, sets* ROCK O'BY-BABY *in it; she rocks.*]

Mother G.—
This is my daughter, who lives in a shoe,
And has so many children she don't know what to do.

Santa.—
Send down a big basket of 'lasses and bread.

[*To* OLD WOMAN:]

No wonder your duties are turning your head,
But don't spank the dears, when you put them to bed.

[OLD WOMAN *takes place, eats piece of bread and molasses.*]

Mother G.—
And this is the "Bachelor, who lived by himself,
And all the bread and cheese he had he laid upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
He was forced to go to London to buy him a wife.
The gates were so broad and the streets were so narrow,
He was forced to bring his wife home on a wheelbarrow.
Wheelbarrow broke, wife got a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, little wife and all."

Santa.—
Send along a wheelbarrow, the best one on the shelf.

[*To* BACHELOR:]

I have been a bachelor: I know how 'tis myself.

Now send a wedding bonnet for a pretty little bride.
[MOTHER G. *ties bonnet on* BRIDE.]

Santa.—
Now jump into your carriage, and try another ride.
[SANTA *lifts* BRIDE *into wheelbarrow.* BACHELOR *wheels it to one side.*]

Mother G.—
Well, you must be a saint! few mortal men will
So smilingly settle a milliner's bill.

Mother G.—
This is little Red Riding Hood,
Who goes all alone through the lonesome wood,
To carry poor grandma something good.
The wolves may growl, and the winds may blow,
But on will little Red Riding Hood go.

Santa.—
Send down a basket of something good,
For the brave little girl in the pretty red hood.

Mother G.—
'Tis a long way to grandma's for such a little mite,
So sit you down, Red Riding Hood, and eat a little bite.

[RED RIDING HOOD *takes seat, eats cake.*]

Mother G.—
This is "Jack Horner,
Who sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie."

Santa.—
Send down a big mince-pie, chock full of plums,
For this big little boy to pull out with his thumb.

[JACK *says, "Oh! jolly!" when pie first appears, but makes his most mannerly bow when* SANTA *presents it, takes seat in corner, eats, pulls out and holds up plums.*]

Mother G.—
Of all good providin' I ever did see,
Why, this does beat all! it reely beats me.
I thought that my Gander was one of the best,
I aint findin' fault, poor soul, he's at rest.
[*Wipes eyes on apron.*]
I'm goin' to say yes to your little request,
You sha'n't loose nothin' by it, we'll feather your nest.

Jack.—
Now you're shoutin'!

[SANTA *embraces* MOTHER G. *Children clap hands.*]

Santa (rubbing hands).—
Now, "this I will do, and it makes my heart merry,
I'll send for the Bishop of old Canterbury."

Jack.—
I'll fetch him, father, quicker'n lightnin'!

[*Runs out.*]

Santa.—
That's a smart little fellow, and spry on his feet.

Mother G.—
But almost too fond of good things to eat.

[*Enter* JACK *and* BISHOP *in rector's robes. Children bow and courtesy.* SANTA *and* MOTHER G. *take place before* BISHOP.]

Bishop.—
Do you take this woman for your wedded wife,
To pay all her bills the rest of your life?

Santa.—
I do.

Bishop.—
Provide for her children, and fill every stocking,
And promise to do nothing really shocking?

Santa.—
I will.

Bishop.—
Do you take this man your husband to be,
To obey and to honor when you can agree?

Mother G.—
I do.

Bishop.—
Will you knit Christmas stockings for children and youth,
And spin your yarn fine without stretching the truth?

Mother G.—I will.

Bishop.—
Put the ring on her finger and give her a kiss.
I pronounce——words correctly, when I don't miss.

[SANTA *puts ring on* MOTHER G.'S *finger and kisses her.*]

Jack.—Three cheers for father and mother! [*Children cheer.*]

Jack.—Three cheers for the Bishop! [*Children cheer.*]

[SANTA *and* MOTHER G. *escort* BISHOP *to door. Children bow and courtesy as they pass.*]

Mother G.—
Well, I must be knitting those stockings, my dear.
Will you please hold the yarn? Here's a good easy cheer.

[*They seat themselves affectionately.* MOTHER G. *winds yarn,* SANTA *holds skein.* FIDDLERS *play, and children sing one verse of "Home, Sweet Home" Some of children eat candy, pie, cake, and play with gifts—a happy domestic scene. Head of* MAN IN THE MOON *appears above screen, or curtain, at back of stage.*]

Man in the Moon.—
A comforting sight for a man to behold,
When his cheese is all moldy, his porridge all cold!

It may be that I am too mad and too far,
But I'll try them a clip with a shooting star.

[*Flings star, or some bright substance, at* SANTA.]

CURTAIN FALLS.

If used as a church entertainment, where it is customary to give the Sabbath-School children a treat, this might be added: Curtain rises on tableau. Mother G., Mother Hubbard, Old Woman with broom, Old Woman with bells, seated around fire-place knitting; King Cole with pipe and bowl; stockings hanging around mantel-piece; Santa near front of stage.

Santa.—
'Tis the night before Christmas, and all in our house
Are as happy and cozy and snug as a mouse.
Now, children, come in, my good wife and I,
And our oldest children will all of us try
To make this the merriest Christmas you know.
So come along children! come on! Here we go!

Play march while children pass across stage and receive stockings, remainder of Mother G.'s children mix in with others. Santa, Mother G., and "oldest children" present stockings as children pass—new supplies coming down chimney.

Vice Versa

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW

CHARACTERS

MINNIE GRAY, ticket agent.

WILL BROWN, a returned traveler.

BESSIE STEELE, baggage-mistress.

SAM BLACK, a father with two boys and infant (rag doll).

KATIE GREEN, letter-carrier.

BEN GREEN, housekeeper.

BRIDGET, servant.

JESSIE WHITE, census enumerator.

VICE VERSA

In Act I the platform is arranged as a Station Waiting-room. A three-sided clothes-horse may be used as the Ticket Office. It should be covered with dark muslin, except the middle side, which should be toward the audience. The space between the top and second round should be uncovered and used as the window. The right and left sides of the clothes-horse are placed parallel with the sides of the platform, thus forming an inclosure. Advertisements of Excursions, Schedules of Railroad Companies, and Chromos can be hung on the walls and under the window of the Office.

ACT I

[*As curtain rises,* MINNIE GRAY *is discovered at window counting tickets. While placing them in piles, she soliloquizes.*]

I am afraid I'm a little late this morning, but fortunately the train is behind time, so I can arrange matters here in the office. Here are my commutation tickets, and here are the excursion tickets, and here are the new schedules. Now, where is that letter of instructions about rates of travel? Oh! here it is [*opening a letter*]. Why no, this is my last milliner's bill! What a funny

bonnet George Miller made me; I screamed when I saw it. Let me see how he has itemized the bill.

Item 1.	One bonnet with nothing on it,	$5.00

Pretty high price for a common American straw.

Item 2.	Three feathers for front, - -	4.00
Item 3.	A bunch of flowers for back, -	2.00
Item 4.	Three yards of ribbon to tie on with,	2 50
Total,	- - - - - - -	$13.50

Well! I'll take another look at it. [*Takes out a grotesquely trimmed bonnet from box, views it critically, then ties it on.*] I think I shall have to remodel this very artistic bonnet, Mr. George. You're a Miller, but never a milliner.

[*Enter* WILL BROWN *in traveling costume, carrying satchel, umbrella, etc. When nearly opposite window, he yawns, and remarks, sleepily.*]

Well, I really believe I was sound asleep when the train stopped. No wonder. Who could travel three days with no companion and not spend some time in dreamland? However, I am glad to be in old Wollefdoog once more. I wonder if folks around here will find me much changed after an absence of five years? This place does not look very familiar; but I'll look after my trunk and then start up the road. It may be I will meet some familiar face on my way to my old home. Halloo! Where's the baggage-room? It used to be opposite that door. I'll ask the ticket agent; he'll know [*looks toward the window*]. Humph! If there isn't a young lady at the window! [*Advances, takes off his hat, and bows.*] Excuse me, Miss; I am looking for the baggage-master. Can you tell me where he may be

found? I thought of asking the ticket agent, but he doesn't seem to be about, either.

MINNIE (*counts tickets aloud*).—Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty. [*Holds them and looks inquiringly at* WILL] Did you address me?

[*He repeats.*] I am looking for the baggage-master or ticket agent. Are they both out?

Minnie.—I am the ticket agent.

Will.—Oh! I beg your pardon. Where can I see the baggage-master?

[MINNIE *calls.*] Bessie! [BESSIE *comes in from door opposite to where* WILL *entered.* MINNIE *nods her head toward* WILL.] This young gentleman wishes to ascertain if his trunk is in the baggage-room.

BESSIE (*jingling brass checks*).—All right, sir; this way, please [*moving toward the door*].

WILL (*looks in bewilderment from one to the other and stammers*).—Why! Why! How's this? Lady ticket agent, lady baggage-mistress. Oh! Ah—baggage—

Bessie.—Baggage-mistress at your service [*bows low*]. Must be a stranger in this town, aren't you?

Will.—Well, yes; rather; I haven't been here for five years. This office and its officers have been changed since I went away. Men used to hold the positions you and your friend now occupy.

Bessie.—Oh! you haven't been in Wollefdoog then since Woman's Suffrage went into effect? I guess you will find affairs changed somewhat since then. Won't he, Minnie?

MINNIE (*laughing*).—I shouldn't wonder, especially if he wants his hair cut, or tooth extracted.

Will.—Do women follow all the professions? Why, what do the men do?

BESSIE (*smiling and jingling checks*).—Oh! they are kept quite busy. I guess you will find out. Your check, if you please, and I will find your baggage.

[*Exit* WILL *and* BESSIE. MINNIE *goes on with her counting.*] One two, three, four, five [*puts down tickets, leans her head on her left hand and drums idly with her right, as if in deep thought. Enter* BESSIE, *who dances up to* MINNIE.]

Bessie.—Who was he, Min? Handsome, wasn't he? Did you find out where he was going? Do lend me your mirror; the wind blew my hat off out on the platform, and I don't want to look like a fright when the next train comes in. [*She arranges her hair.*] Do you think this cap is more becoming back of my bang, or over it?

Minnie.—Yes, I guess so.

Bessie.—"Guess so," which?

Minnie.—Oh! I don't know; I was thinking of your first question about the young man. There was something familiar about his face. I shouldn't wonder, Bess, if it were Will Brown. You know he went to California about five years ago.

Bessie—That's a fact; so he did. Well, we'll find out before long. [*Whistle is heard outside.*] Oh! bother, there comes the train! Want a caramel, Min? I got them on the last train. [*Hands* MINNIE *a box of caramels.*] By the by, it was little Nellie Vance. I had to laugh when I heard her shrill soprano call out [*sings in a high key*]: "Here you are, nice, fresh caramels; only ten cents a box!"

MINNIE (*taking a caramel from the box*).—You had better trot out of here if you expect any baggage to go on that train. [*Exit* BESSIE. MINNIE *takes up mirror*

All aboard

and arranges her bang, singing softly one verse of "Oh! where, tell me, where has my Highland laddie gone?" or any other sentimental song, then sighs and leans her head on her hand.] I wonder what he thought of us in our positions? He didn't look very much enchanted with the latter, at any rate. Well! well! No passengers for this train; I'll shut up the window and go for some ice-cream. [*Covers window—curtain falls—the office can be removed from the stage while it is made to look as much like a road as practicable.*]

ACT II

WILL (*entering door on left side and advancing toward centre of stage, carrying his umbrella, satchel, and linen duster*).—Well, I wonder if I shall find the houses and occupants as much changed as the station and its officials. Quite a stirring scene that was. The Miss Ticket Agent is quite a heart-breaker, and the baggage-mistress is a saucy little baggage herself.

[*Man's voice just outside right-hand door.*]

Come, Johnnie, hurry along. Georgie, don't hang onto my coat.

[SAM BLACK *appears, walking hurriedly; he has in left hand a valise and paper bundle. Under his right arm he carries a small child in horizontal position; two little boys follow directly back of him, the smaller one holding on to his coat tail. He is looking over his shoulder at this child and does not see* WILL. *They meet at middle of stage.*]

Will.—Who comes here? Will wonders never cease? Hallo! old fellow! what's the row? [SAM *turns.*] Why I declare! Sam Black!

Sam.—Will Brown! Why, how you're changed. [*Both put down luggage and shake hands. The little boys open the valise and take from it a whistle, whip, and horse lines, scattering the clothing. They caper round the stage and go out at left door, while the gentlemen continue conversation.*]

Will.—What's the matter, Sam? You seem to be in tribulation. Haven't lost your wife, have you? Don't you have the post-office now?

Sam.—Well, no, yes, and not exactly either. My wife was appointed to the office last term, and I—yes, I guess, I was elected housekeeper at the same time. I take the children occasionally to their paternal grandmother's to spend a week, as I am doing now. She lives at the next station. Bless her dear old heart! she don't believe in Woman's Suffrage.

Will.—Woman's Suffrage again, eh? It's all over town, is it?

Sam.—Oh! yes; the biggest part of it. There are only a few peaceful homes left. Blacksmiths, masons, and carpenters have the best of it around here, nowadays.

Will.—Where's my old friend, Ben Green? He graduated in medicine before I left; has he his office at the old homestead?

Sam.—Oh! yes; you'll find him at home, sure enough, but the sign reads: "Dr. Jennie Green." His wife deals out the pills and powders, and rides around town. Whew! there's the whistle. Come, boys. Where are the rogues? Oh! they're at the station.

Whistle

[*Looks around for valise, discovers it opened, etc.*] Oh! say now; look here. What a fix!

Will (*laughing*).—Here, let me help.

[SAM *puts the baby on the ground behind him and they jumble the articles pell-mell into valise.* SAM *rushes off, leaving the baby.* WILL *looks after him, laughing heartily; turns to pick up his satchel, discovers baby.*] Whew! ee—no, thank you, Sam. [*Calls*]. Sam! [*Picks up baby and rushes toward door; meets* SAM *at door, who appears breathless.*]

Sam.—Oh! thanks; you see I forgot him.

[*Exit* SAM.]

Will (*looking after him*).—Oh! you're a thousand, thousand times welcome, my lad. I wonder if I'm alive. [*Takes a paper out of his pocket.*] Yes, I can read, I can hear the sound of my own voice. Pinch yourself, my man, and see if you can feel. [*Pinches his ear and nose.*] Yes; I'm all here, and now I'll proceed and investigate further. [*As he stoops he finds paper bundle which* SAM *has left. While he examines it a faint whistling is heard back of right-hand door. A female letter-carrier appears. Her dress should be gray; leather satchel is strapped over right shoulder and hangs at left side; she wears a letter-carrier's cap, and in her hand she carries several letters. When at middle of stage she stops whistling and reads inscriptions:*] Miss Minnie Gray, Miss Bessie Steel, Miss Jessie White—all in the same handwriting, I do declare. I wonder if they are wedding invitations? [*Holds them up to the light.*] I really think that is Ned Jones' writing. I just believe they are invitations to his birthday party. If there isn't one for me I guess I won't vote

for him for Coroner. [*Looks in bag and takes out several letters.*] Oh! yes; here it is. [*Reads.*] Miss Katie Green. All right, Neddie; you'll get my vote. I know none of the girls want that horrid office, viewing dead bodies, and actually touching them, I suppose. [*Shuddering.*] I guess we'll all vote for him. [WILL, *who is still engaged with his baggage, but has advanced to centre of stage, bumps against Katie and the letters fall on the floor.*]

Katie.—Well, I never!

Will.—Good gracious, what's this? I beg your pardon. I did not see you. [*Stoops to pick up letters. Aside.*] Another feature of the investigation, I suppose. Looks like a letter-carrier. [*Aloud.*] Any letters for me, ma'am?

Katie.—If I knew your name and address, it might be that I would say yes.

Will (*aside*).—Whew! a woman, a letter-carrier, and a poet. [*Aloud, bowing.*] William Brown, at your service. I'm a traveler, just returning to his native town.

Katie.—Well, now, I shouldn't wonder if this postal card to Ben Green was from you. [*Reads aloud.*] "Expect to see me in a few days. Your old friend, W. B." I was just wondering who it was from.

Will.—Do letter-carriers generally read all the postal cards to be delivered on their route?

Katie.—Of course, what else would relieve the monotony of this tramp, tramp, and how could they help it? but as this was to my brother Ben, I felt extra curious.

Will.—You are—

Katie (*courtesying*).—Katie Green, just come into her

present position. You had better go up and see Ben. He has nothing to do but stay at home and do the trifles around the house. Good-bye. [*Starts off, but looks back to say:*] Maybe you'll meet your old friend, Jessie White, on the way. She is the census enumerator this spring.

Will (*looking after Katie*).—Well, of all the rights! Girls advocating Woman's Rights!

ACT III

[*Stage arranged as a disordered room;* BEN GREEN *dressed in a dilapidated dressing-gown, wash towel pinned across chest and hanging lengthwise in front of him; soliloquizes while handling pans, etc., which should be on a table.*]

Well, I think I can get a dinner all right, if I did make a few mistakes at breakfast. How was a fellow to know that sausages did not have to be fried in butter? Biddy put butter in the pan when she fried potatoes. I did have a lot of gravy, that's a fact [*shrugs shoulders*], and then when I read on the self-raising buckwheat package that the cakes had to be baked as soon as mixed, of course I put them in the oven; I'm sure that's the way they bake bread. Well, Bridget, who is about to vacate these premises for her three days' jury bench, will be back to dinner at six, and I'll just get things started before she goes.

[*Enter* BIDDY *in out-door costume, reading from a slip of paper, in her Irish brogue.*]

Aint it foine, just? "Miss Bridget O'Flanagan (that's me), you are hereby notified and required to ap-

pear in Court of Common Pleas (and plaze I'll be afther doing it), in the town of Wollefdoog, to serve as a juror in said Court. John Jones, Sheriff." You see the sheer-off writ it hisself to me, Miss Bridget O'Flanagan.

Ben.—O Biddy! wait a minute; tell me how to make a rice pudding.

Biddy.—Ouch, shure, now, Misther Green, you wouldn't be afther shtopping me to ax such a simple question as that? Just take your rice and milk and sugar; then stir them up and put in the oven. Make a quart pudding.

Ben.—And O Biddy! how do you broil shad?

Biddy.—Faith, Misther Green, you'll kill me entirely. Broil shad, is it? Why, put it on a gridiron on top of the stove. Arrah! now I must be ageing, or they'll find the mon guilty afore I git there, and that's what he is, too.

[*Exit* BIDDY.]

Ben.—Good-bye, Miss Jury-woman O'Flanagan; I'll show you and Dr. Jennie that my capabilities are equal to this occasion. Let me see. My bill of fare is to be: Broiled shad, mashed potatoes, and rice pudding. I chose three easy things so that I could not make any mistakes. I'll get them all done now, and then warm them up at the time wanted. Here's the article called a gridiron, I suppose. [*Holds up a gridiron.*] Dr. Jennie told Bridget the shad was too dry the last time we had it, that she ought to have buttered it. Well, I'll butter it now, and then I'll put it on the top of the stove, and leave the lids on so that it won't burn, while I make my pudding. [*Goes out with the gridiron, then returns.*] There, now, I'll make my pudding. Biddy said, "a quart pudding." I heard Dr. Jennie tell her how to make a pound cake

the other day. It was a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, a pound of flour; so of course a quart pudding is a quart of milk, a quart of rice, and a quart of sugar. Ben, my lad, you've got a memory worth having. [*Takes a big pan and goes through motions of making the pudding.*] Now, if that little chap up-stairs will sleep until I wash the potatoes and put them on, perhaps he'll let me have my smoke and read the paper. [*Picks up a pan of potatoes; a knock is heard;* WILL *enters at the right-hand door.*]

Will.—Hey! Here you are. How are you?

Ben.—How are you? But I don't exactly recognize you.

Will.—Don't know me? Why, I'm your old friend Will Brown.

Ben.—Why, old fellow, glad to see you; come in; come right in.

Will.—You didn't receive my postal card, I know; for I saw Miss Letter-Carrier reading it as I came along. Queer times here in Wollefdoog, I should say.

Ben.—Yes, yes; so you met Katie, did you; reading postals? Woman's curiosity will crop out, you see; sit down and see me in the capacity of housekeeper. I tell you, I'm doing things about right; shad's on, pudding's in oven, nothing to do but pare and mash these potatoes and put them on. [*Gives* WILL *a chair, and starts back in a listening attitude.*] Oh! there's the young hopeful. Hold this a moment until I get him. [*Gives* WILL *the pan and goes out at right-hand door, returning in a minute with a large rag doll, sits down with it on his knee.*]

Will.—Shall I pare these potatoes while you feed the baby?

[BEN *picks up cup and spoon from table, then puts them down, and begins to pin a towel under the baby's chin.*]

Ben.—Yes, I wish you would. Here, you Frankie! what's to pay? Straighten yourself. Look, Will, he's getting blue in the face. What will I do with him?

[WILL *starts up; a knock is heard.*]

Will.—I'll go.

[*Enter* JESSIE WHITE, *as Census Enumerator. She has on a boy's jaunty hat, and carries a large portfolio under her arm.*]

Jessie.—I am taking the census in this neighborhood. Is Dr. Green in?

BEN (*calls*).—Oh! yes; it's all right, Miss Census Taker. Do come here, Jessie, and tell me what's the matter with this child. My senses are so nearly gone that there won't be any left for you to take.

[JESSIE *drops her book, runs across the room and snatches the baby from* BEN.]

Jessie.—Why, Ben, you have run a pin into its blessed little chin. [*Unpins the towel.*] There! there! the pretty little tootsy wootsy. [*To* BEN.] Here, give me the cup and I'll feed him while you give me the ages and occupations of your household. [*Aside.*] Relieve your friend of that pan of potatoes. Why don't you introduce him?

Ben.—Why, you used to know him; don't you remember Will Brown? [*Aloud.*] Permit me, Miss White, to present Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown, Miss Jessie White, our new Census Enumerator.

[BEN *takes pan from* WILL, *while* WILL *and* JESSIE *shake hands.* WILL *then picks up portfolio.*]

Will.—Allow me to return the office property to the officer. How do you like public life, Miss White?

Jessie.—To tell the truth, not at all. I must confess I prefer the old occupations best, and so I really believe do the other girls. We miss our music, painting, and household duties. [*Turning to* BEN.] O Ben! run quick, there's something burning.

Ben.—Shouldn't wonder if it's that pudding. Jessie, what's the matter with these potatoes? They won't mash.

JESSIE (*looking into the pan*).—Why, you haven't cooked them.

Ben.—Do you cook them first?

JESSIE (*laughing*).—Why, yes, we generally do. Have you forgotten that pudding, Ben?

Ben.—That's so, I had; you can't expect a fellow to attend to potatoes and puddings at the same time, can you?

Jessie.—Attend to two p's? Certainly. Why, I expect to look after my p's and q's; that is, propound puzzling questions and queries.

[BEN *runs out, returning in a moment with an alarmed expression and says:*]

O Jessie! that rice is bewitched; it has run all over the oven, down on to the stove, on to the floor, and I really believe it will travel in here next.

Jessie.—How much rice did you use for your pudding?

Ben.—Why, a quart, of course.

Jessie (*convulsed with laughter*).—A quart of rice! No wonder your rice travels; that would have made a two gallon pudding. Here, take the baby, and give me

that pan. I will put your potatoes on and fix your pudding.

[*Exit* JESSIE.]

[BEN *takes the baby and walks up and down the room.*]

Will.—I think you, as well as the girls, would rather have the old times back.

Ben.—That's so; hurrah for the blessed past!

[*A knock is heard;* BEN *goes to the door.*]

Ben.—How are you, Sam? Come in.

Sam.—I thought I'd drop in and see how you are getting along. My responsibilities are off for a week. [*Nods to* WILL.] You got here, did you? Well, what do you think of the housekeeper? [*Nods toward* BEN.]

Ben.—We were just going to give three cheers for Auld Lang Syne, as you came in.

Sam.—All right, I'll join you in that.

[BEN *picks up wooden spoon, beats time, baby under his arm, and sings, tune, "Auld Lang Syne."*]

Oh! would the good old times of old,

[WILL *joins in.*]

Those good auld days so dear,

[BEN, WILL, *and* SAM *sing.*]

Oh! that the good old times of yore
Would once more flourish here.

[*Voices outside singing; girls enter on left side of stage, face young men, who should be on right side.*]

We think the good old times were best
When woman owned her sphere.

Oh! glad we'll be to welcome back
Those good old times this year.

[*Girls extend right hand toward young men.*]

Then here's a hand at your command
To bake, and fry and stew,

[*Young men extend right hand toward girls.*]

And here's the same to work for fame,
For home, for cash, for you.

[*Girls clasp hands and face audience; young men step back of girls, unclasp their hands, place themselves between them, then forming semicircle. All sing.*]

Agreeing, then, let us unite
In one melodious rhyme,
Believing that the Woman's Rights
Will right itself in time.

[*Nodding energetically to each other, they sing. Tune, "Home, sweet home."*]

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There is no place like home."

[*All step two or three steps backward and sing. Tune, "Cousin Jedediah.*]

So, Polly, put the kettle on,
The kettle on, the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on
And we'll all take tea.

[*Curtain falls as last line is sung. Repeat the four lines after the curtain is down, the words, "all take tea," being sung very slowly.*]

My Country

A

SCHOOL EXERCISE

FOR THE

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY

MRS. L. A. BRADBURY

MY COUNTRY.

GENERAL NOTES.

This exercise is equally well adapted for school-room, exhibition hall, or out-door performance.

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS.—An American flag on a tall staff is to be fixed at the middle of the stage, well forward ; it remains there during the exercises. For the scene called "Our Adopted Citizens" there should be on each extreme side, at the back of the stage, an empty ornamental umbrella stand, to receive the rejected flags of other nations. It would be well to have them in place before the exercises begin. These are all the "properties" absolutely necessary for the stage. Evergreens, pot plants, cut flowers, and draped bunting may be added if desired.

TIME OCCUPIED.—The exercise in full, will occupy about an hour, but it may be shortened by the omission of any of the recitations. It is desirable, whatever is omitted, to observe the order in which the parts are given.

N. B.—If the Declaration of Independence is read, it should precede this programme.

MUSIC.

NATIONAL AIRS. [Three minutes.]

FEDERATION OF THE STATES.

[Seven minutes. By thirteen girls, eleven of whom come upon the platform at the beginning, two others joining them afterward. They should be dressed in white with red sashes, having broad blue baldrics on which each has in large gilt letters the name of the State she represents Care should be taken in selecting girls appropriate for the different States : Rhode Island should be small, South Carolina spirited, Virginia should carry herself well, Maryland should be pretty, Georgia dark-eyed, New Hampshire strong and healthy looking, etc.]

All together.—

FROM British rule the States are free, at length ;
With differing gifts we come to join our strength.

New Hampshire.—

I bring unto the Union the granite of my hills,
The rush of rapid rivers that drive the busy mills,
The timber of my forests, the produce of my fields,
And from my white-capped mountains the health that nature yields.

New Jersey.—

I bring my fertile meadows, my plots of garden ground,
Supplying food in plenty to all the country round.

Pennsylvania.—

And I worthy people bring, a sober, peaceful band;
I bring a city that shall be distinguished in the land;
And in the bosom of my soil I hold, far out of sight,
Waiting the brawny hands of toil, a source of heat and light.

Delaware.—

The bounty of the orchard, the glory of the vine,
The increase of the furrow I bring, for these are mine.

New York.—

I bring my charming valleys, my lakes and streams I bring,
My Adirondack forests, Niagara's thundering;
Besides all these I bring you a city that shall stand,
For enterprise and commerce, the foremost in the land.

Connecticut.—

I bring a people noted for thrift and industry,
For real Yankee shrewdness and ingenuity.

Georgia.—

My rice-fields growing green beside the waters,
  My fields of cotton whitening everywhere,
The rippling laughter of my dark-eyed daughters—
  These are the gifts I bear.

Massachusetts.—

Liberty's cradle I bring, mem'ries of patriot and sage,
Records of valiant deeds filling my history's page.
Age unto age succeeds; mine is a deathless fame:
Honor shall crown my head, glory shall gild my name.

South Carolina.—

Have I not fought and suffered too?
Moultrie and Eutaw shall answer you!
Time cannot quench nor changes hide
The fire of the South and its matchless pride;
I cast my fate with yours, if you will,
But a sovereign State I am always still.

Virginia.—

I bring a record of noble names, and many a famous family,
Stately mansions and broad domains, and a generous hospitality,
Men descended from cavaliers, unsurpassed in gallantry;
Not in the land are found the peers of the Old Dominion quality.

Maryland.—

When Greece was at her noblest, with valor, hand in hand,
Went music, art, and poetry, to glorify the land;

So I, to match your gallants, my lovely daughters bring,
That from their happy union a noble race may spring.
[*A slight pause.*]

North Carolina (*approaching from one side*).—
I bring my stretch of forest, I bring my sandy shore,
And, from among my mountains, some scattered veins
of ore.
[*Looks about, and continues with an apologetic air.*]
Perhaps you all are thinking I might have come before,
It all seems very pleasant, but then—I wasn't sure.

Rhode Island (*approaching from the other side*).—
I'm a very little State, yet I feel myself as great
As any in the land.
It is not in one's size that one's importance lies,
I'd have you understand.
And if I choose to wait, and come in rather late
To join the federal band,
It's because a little State must needs deliberate
Before she gives her hand.

[*The States stand in a row, their arms crossed, the left over the right.*]

All together.—
Thirteen States are we, independent, free,
Never bowing knee unto tyranny,
Yet we all agree in this unity.
[*Each takes the hand of the one next.*]
So join hands with me. Let us hope to see
In the time to be, great prosperity.
Let our watchwords be—Union—Liberty!

RECITATIONS. *Division I. Our Government and the Republican Idea.*

[About ten minutes. Preferably by boys. All who are to recite in each division are to go upon the stage together; the one speaking steps a little forward, retiring to the line when he finishes. This must not be done too hurriedly.]

1.

From the gallantry and fortitude of her citizens, under the auspices of Heaven, America has derived her independence. To their industry and the natural advantages of the country she is indebted for her prosperous situation. From their virtue she may expect long to share the protection of a free and equal government, which their wisdom has established, and which experience justifies, as admirably adapted to our social wants and individual felicity. *George Washington.*

2.

That all men are born to equal rights is true. Every being has a right to his own, as clear, as moral, as sacred, as any other being has. *John Adams.*

3.

The proudest monuments to the memory of our fathers are not those which are carved by the skillful artist from blocks of marble, or reared by the architect in majestic piles of granite. . . . The principles of free government for which they laid down their lives; the national independence which, by united counsels and painful sacrifices, they achieved on hard-fought fields; this great family of States, which, with prophetic foresight, they bound in a fraternal confederacy; this admirable adjustment of local and federal government—the most exquisite contrivance of political wisdom which the

world has ever seen—these shall be their enduring monuments. *Edward Everett.*

4.

All power in human hands is liable to be abused. In governments independent of the people, the rights and interests of the whole may be sacrificed to the views of the government. In republics, where the people govern themselves, and where, of course, the majority govern, a danger to the minority arises from opportunities tempting a sacrifice of their rights to the interests, real or supposed, of the majority. No form of government, therefore, can be a perfect guard against the abuse of power. The recommendation of the republican form is that the danger of abuse is less than in any other.

James Madison.

5.

President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people by the people for the people."

6.

Theodore Parker said that democracy meant not "I'm as good as you are," but "you're as good as I am."

7.

The democratic theory is that those constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one—"Is it wise to give every man the ballot?" but rather the practical one—"Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any

longer?" It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads.

James Russell Lowell.

8.

It is upon experience, and experience alone, that safe conclusions can be based concerning the merits and the faults of democracy. *Charles W. Eliot.*

9.

It is only in the United States that a well-rooted democracy upon a great scale has ever existed; and hence the importance of accurate observation and just judgment of the working of American democratic institutions, both political and social. Upon the success of those institutions rest the best hopes of the world.

Charles W. Eliot.

10.

I believe this to be the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Let history answer the question. *Thomas Jefferson.*

11.

It is commonly said that the multitude, being ignorant and untrained, cannot reach so wise a conclusion

upon questions of state as the cultivated few; that the wisdom of a mass of men can only be an average wisdom at best: and that democracy, which in things material levels up, in things intellectual and moral levels down. . . . Let us put these speculative opinions, which have so plausible a sound, in contrast with American facts. The people of this country have had three supreme questions to settle within the last hundred and thirty years: first, the question of independence of Great Britain; second, the question of forming a firm federal union; and, third, the question of maintaining that union at whatever cost of blood and treasure. In the decision of these questions four generations of men took active part. The first two questions were settled by a population mainly English; but when the third was decided, the foreign admixture was already considerable. That graver or more far-reaching political problems could be presented to any people, it is impossible to imagine. Everybody can now see that in each case the only wise decision was arrived at by the multitude, in spite of the difficulties and dangers which many contemporary statesmen and publicists of our own and other lands thought insuperable. *Charles W. Eliot.*

12.

An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run.

James Russell Lowell.

13.

I am not one of those who believe that democracy any more than any other form of government will go of itself. I am not a believer in perpetual motion in

politics any more than in mechanics; but in common with all of you, I have an imperturbable faith in the honesty, the intelligence, and the good sense of the American people, and in the destiny of the American republic. *James Russell Lowell.*

SONG: AMERICAN ERAS. *Tune:* "The Star-spangled Banner."

[Five minutes. The solo parts had better be sung by grown people, experienced singers; a choir selected from the best singers of the school joining in the last two lines of each stanza.]

1.

The Discovery.

Man's voice.

Oh! what do they see, in the morn's misty light,
On the purple horizon, as westward they're sailing?
Columbus, triumphant, exclaims at the sight,
The land of his promise exultingly hailing.

Woman's voice.

The chorus of praise and the murmur of prayer
O'er the rolling blue billows were borne on the air.

Mixed voices.

Their heads were uncovered, and bent was the knee,
As America rose from the wide-spreading sea.

2.

The Revolution.

Man's voice.

Oh! what does he see in the darkness of night
As he looks o'er the tide to the height of the steeple?
He waits for a signal, he catches its light,
Mounts horse and away—he bears news to the people.

Woman's voice.

The brave Paul Revere, ere the dawning of day,
For the battle of Lexington thus made the way;

Mixed voices.

And the war in America then was begun
That was not to cease till her freedom was won.

3.

The Civil War and Final Union.

Man's voice.

Oh! see you our flag in the breeze floating bright
On the walls of Fort Sumter, as day is declining?
How proudly it waves as its stripes catch the light!
What a glory of stars in its azure is shining!

Woman's voice.

There was woe in the land for the loss of brave men
Ere the flag o'er that fort was seen flying again:

Mixed voices.

But thence came a Union more firm than before—
One nation for aye, and one flag evermore!

RECITATIONS. *Division II. Duties and Responsibilities of American Citizens.* [See note to Div. I.]

1.

This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority,

compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

George Washington.

2.

Let it be remembered, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature. No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected hereafter to occur, in which the unadulterated forms of republican government can pretend to so fair an opportunity of justifying themselves by their fruits. In this view the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. *James Madison.*

3.

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. *Daniel Webster.*

4.

There are such elements of hope and fear mingled in

the great experiment which is here trying, the results are so momentous to humanity, that all the voices of the past and the future seem to blend in one sound of warning and entreaty, addressing itself, not only to the general, but to the individual ear. By the wrecks of shattered States, by the quenched lights of promise that once shone upon man, by the long deferred hopes of humanity, by all that has been done and suffered in the cause of liberty, by the martyrs that died before the sight, by the exiles whose hearts have been crushed in dumb despair, by the memory of our fathers and their blood in our veins, it calls upon us, each and all, to be faithful to the trust which God has committed to our hands.

George S. Hillard.

5.

All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life.

James Russell Lowell.

6.

Institutions are to a people what habits are to the individual. They are born unperceived; they strengthen and ripen insensibly; but in their ripened strength they condition the people on every side, and are as completely characteristic of them as habits are of the individual. They become an integral factor of the people's ways of thinking and acting; and they thus often influence or even control the thought and action of the mass of the people or of its parts at every point of daily life, as well

as in the great critical moments of national history. It is important to bear in mind that the full meaning of the word "institutions" is very far from being covered by the mere word "laws." It is true that very many of the naturally developed institutions of a country are, in process of time, crystallized into laws and constitutions, and thus become tangible to the senses; but back of all laws and constitutions is the mass of customary and habitual thinking and acting, summed up in this convenient word "institutions," from which laws and constitutions derive all their working force.

The Century Magazine.

7.

If all men are wiser than any one man, it is because the personal passions and prejudices of a multitude balance and neutralize one another, leaving, as the only safe guide the institutions which are guaranteed by long experience. And if Americans are to have any measure of success in the future, it behooves them to disdain any feeble leaning upon laws and constitutions alone, and to keep clear and full the institutional springs which feed our whole social and political system.

The Century Magazine.

8.

If our institutions and liberties are worth saving, they can only be saved by eternal vigilance and action on the part of those whose education and interest in the public welfare qualify them to take part in the public questions on which it depends.

Joseph H. Choate.

9.

Let us remember the trust, the sacred trust, attaching to the rich inheritance which we have received from our fathers. Let us hold fast the great truth that communities are responsible as well as individuals; that no government is respectable which is not just; that without unspotted purity of public faith, without sacred public principles, fidelity, and honor, no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws can give dignity to political society. *Daniel Webster.*

10.

If we are true to our country in our day and generation, and those who come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly, assuredly we shall elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.

Daniel Webster.

11.

Let the venerable forms of our Pilgrim Fathers, the majestic images of our Revolutionary sires, and of the sages that gave us this glorious union, . . . let every memory of the past and every hope of the future, every thought and every feeling that can nerve the arm, or fire the heart, or elevate and purify the soul of a patriot, —rouse and guide and cheer and inspire us to do, and, if need be, to die for our country.

Edward Everett.

12.

We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our

high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue which cannot be shaken until the laws of the moral world are reversed. . . . Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted, and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude, which on this, the anniversary of our Independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasm of sullen silence will interrupt its course, no discordant notes of sectional madness mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest West shall hear it and rejoice, the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters, the Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

George S. Hillard.

13.

The twentieth century is at our doors. It begins to be plain that it will not be so boastful as its predecessor. When we cease perforce to talk about "this latter half of the Nineteenth Century," and begin to speak of the opening years of the new-born century, of which we have the history to make, there will be a change of tone, and, let us devoutly hope, a deepening sense of responsibility.

J. H. Heywood.

Chorus and Recitations. Young America.

[Five minutes. As large a company as possible of girls and boys, the girls occupying the back and middle space, the boys on each side and more forward, those who recite in a semicircle in front of all. The chorus should come in promptly and be sung with spirit, but not too fast; a good deal of drilling will be needed to enable a large number of children to sing in uniform time, so that the words may be understood.]

Chorus: *Tune,* "Yankee Doodle."

Not only by the glare and noise
  Of this day's celebration,
O Uncle Sam, your girls and boys
  Are loyal to the nation.
Uncle Sam, we're growing up,
  Multitudes we muster,
Made of solid stuff we hope
  And not mere brag and bluster!

First Boy recites.—

We look to see our country stand
  The first among the nations,
For that was what our fathers planned
  In laying its foundations.

Second Boy recites.—

We want a land of honest men
  Who speak and act sincerely,
Who give a promise only when
  They mean to keep it really.

Third Boy recites.—

We want a nation just and wise,
  Where each man's right's respected,
Where strength shall never tyrannize,
  Nor weakness be neglected.

Fourth Boy recites.—

We want our people sober men,
Of habits sound and steady,
And prompt as old-time minute-men,
For duty always ready.

Fifth Boy recites.—

We want a lot of cheerful folks
Among the poor or wealthy,
Whose sunny smiles and merry jokes
Show mind and body healthy.

Sixth Boy recites.—

And everywhere, throughout the land,
We want a grateful spirit,
That proves our people understand
The blessings they inherit.

Chorus.—

Not only by the glare and noise, etc.

Seventh Boy recites.—

We know what patriots went before,
What heroes crowned with glory,
And we desire, you may be sure,
To carry on the story.

Eighth Boy recites.—

For what our country is to be
Depends on what we make it;
Our duty let us plainly see,
Then boldly undertake it.

Ninth Boy recites.—

As yet no ballot do we throw,
Direct no legislation,

Yet in ourselves we're holding now
The making of a nation.

Tenth Boy recites.—

As are the boys the men will be,
And as the men, the nation;
Its future rests with you and me,
The rising generation.

Eleventh Boy recites.—

The aims that rule our lives to-day
Will tell the nation's story
In failure, ruin, and decay,
Or ever brightening glory.

Twelfth Boy recites.—

Not one of us can shirk his share
In this great undertaking;
So, comrades, let us all take care
What kind of men we're making.

Chorus.—

Not only by the glare and noise
Of this day's celebration,
Dear Uncle Sam, your girls and boys
Are loyal to the nation.
Uncle Sam, we're growing up,
Multitudes we muster,
Made of solid stuff, we hope,
And not mere brag and bluster.

RECITATIONS. *Division III. The Union and the Flag as its Symbol.*

[About ten minutes. See Div. I.]

1.

It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts. For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections.

George Washington.

2.

A powerful nation, in the full vigor of its youth, unfurls the banner of freedom, and its mighty folds float over a continent; thrown out at first against a stormy sky, and in defiance of tyrants, it is bathed to-day in the light of peace; the eyes of all mankind are fixed upon it as the sign of hope.

Henry W. Hilliard.

3.

An immense concourse of emigrants, of the most

various lineage, is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union.

George Bancroft.

4.

We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens, who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defense of a country and of institutions which they know to be worth dying for.

James Russell Lowell.

5.

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. . . . It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity; red for valor; blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

Charles Sumner.

6.

Foreign-born men may become first-rate Americans, and a majority of them do, but not in a day, nor a month, nor a year. They first need to stop waving the flags of their native countries, and maintaining patriotism for the land which they have abandoned. They must become thoroughly Americanized.

Abram S. Hewitt.

7.

We have nothing to do with the affairs of Europe, the partition of territory and sovereignty there, except so far as those things affect the interests of our own country.

Henry Clay.

8.

No man can be a loyal American citizen whose interest in the politics of any other country would make him hesitate under which flag he could most heartily serve in case of war, or cause him to say or do anything which might involve this government in complications with any foreign power.

Anon.

9.

As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and the intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men

behold it, they see in its sacred emblems no ramping lion, no fierce eagle, no embattled castle or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn. It means Liberty!

Henry Ward Beecher.

10.

Every nation, as a member of the great family of nations, must show a proper and cordial respect for the emblems of other nationalities; and there is a peculiar propriety in the occasional exhibition, at private or unofficial gatherings, of the emblems of those nationalities which have gone to make up the American people. But the case is virtually different with every exhibition of a foreign flag or emblem which goes to show, or is intended to show, that the American people is still nothing more than a heterogeneous mass of jarring nationalities. In such a case, the public opinion, of adopted no less than of native citizens, should promptly and unequivocally condemn any attempt to substitute any foreign flag in the place which belongs only to the American flag.

The Century Magazine.

11.

It is the right of the American people to enjoy a monopoly for their own flag within their own jurisdiction; it is the right, and should be the duty of those who follow other flags, to follow them elsewhere.

The Century Magazine.

12.

O folds of white and scarlet! O blue field with your

silver stars! May fond eyes welcome you, willing feet follow you, strong hands defend you, warm hearts cherish you, and dying lips give you their blessing! Ours by inheritance, ours by allegiance, ours by affection —long may you float on the free winds of heaven, the emblem of liberty, the hope of the world! *Anon.*

13.

Sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union! strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

* * * *

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

Henry W. Longfellow.

SCENE AND SONG.—OUR ADOPTED CITIZENS.—*Tune:* "The Red, White, and Blue."

[Ten minutes. By company of boys. The leader takes his place by the flag that is fixed on the stage; the rest of the company form in a pyramid, of which he is the apex; the boys bearing foreign flags stand one behind another on the outer linês of the pyramid, and advance in the order in which they are named in the verses. Arrangements: Down the right side, beginning next the leader, 1st, British; 2d. French Royal; 3d, Irish; 4th, Russian; 5th, Italian; 6th, Spanish. On left side, 1st, French, tri-color; 2d, German; 3d, Polish; 4th Swedish; 5th, Norwegian; 6th, Turkish. At the close of the stanza, during the singing of the chorus, each one that has been addressed lowers the foreign flag he carries, marches to the rear, deposits it in the receptacle provided for it, takes his place behind the others on the outside line of the pyramid, and joins in singing the chorus. All sing together the last stanza. A sheet giving a representation of the flags of all nations may be obtained of F. Trifet, 408 Washington Street, Boston, and probably elsewhere, price,

twenty-five cents. It is possible that it does not contain the royal (Bourbon) flag of France, which is white, sprinkled with gold fleur-de-lis, and the Irish flag, a gold harp on a green ground. The flags can be made without great expense of some thin but firm woolen material, like cashmere or alpaca, or even more cheaply of cambric and turkey red, the pieces carefully cut out, run together, and the seams pressed. Designs for the fleur-de-lis may be made of gilt paper and pasted on.

[*Boy with British flag advances.*]

Leader.—

Right royal Britannia's banner,
Proud floating o'er fortress and wave,
As blue as the water beneath it,
As bright as the blood of the brave.
Enough! though its past has been splendid,
Another claims fealty from you,
And the promise of morning is blended
With tints of the red, white, and blue.

[*Boy with British flag retires.*]

Chorus.—

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
The star-spangled banner forever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

[*Boys with French flags advance.*]

Leader.—

Ho! come you from France to our borders
With tri-colored standard or white?
Will you bow to Columbia's orders?
Are you ready her battles to fight?
Your flags tell a time-honored story,
Borne bravely through centuries of wars;
But lay them away—yours the glory
That shines in the stripes and the stars.

[*Boys with French flags retire.*]

Chorus.—

Three cheers, etc.

[*Boy with German flag advances.*]

Leader.—

You came bearing Germany's colors,
With Germany's speech in your mouth.
At your word you exchanged them for others.
Your lips took the citizen's oath;
The "Fatherland" now must be merely
A dream and a memory to you.
So, lower its flag, and sincerely
Acknowledge the red, white, and blue.

[*Boy with German flag retires.*]

Chorus.—

Three cheers, etc.

[*Boy with Irish flag advances.*]

Leader.—

And fold the green banner of Ireland,
The harp and the shamrock lay down,
Replace with the story of freedom
The tales of your ancient renown.
Old Ireland watched over your childhood
Like the mother your infancy knew,
But you've chosen a bride in your manhood,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

[*Boy with Irish flag retires.*]

Chorus.—

Three cheers, etc.

[*Boys with Russian, Italian, and Spanish flags advance on one side, Polish, Swedish, Norwegian, and Turkish flags on the other.*]

Leader.—

Ho! Russian, Italian, and Spaniard,
Ho! Pole, Scandinavian, and Turk,
'Neath the sheltering folds of our standard,
For its honor with us will you work?
If you bring not a loyal affection,
If the old flag out-values the new,
Beware how you claim the protection
Bestowed by the red, white, and blue!

[*Boys with flags retire.*]

Chorus.—

Three cheers, etc.

All sing together.—

So, under one banner united,
Though natives of different lands,
Our faith to our country is plighted,
We give it our hearts and our hands.
A union that time shall not sever,
Whose pledges to-day we renew,
The star-spangled banner forever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

Chorus.—

Three cheers, etc.

[*Three cheers are given at the end of chorus. The boys remain on the platform during the recitation and hymn which follow.*]

Recitation.

[Five minutes. This may be recited by one girl or four. It should be well done.]

1.

Stand by the flag, its folds have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,

And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

2.

Stand by the flag, on land, on ocean billow,
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

3.

Stand by the flag, though death-shot round it rattle,
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quivering lance and glistening bayonet.

4.

Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning,
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

Anon.

HYMN. THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER. *Tune:* "America."

[Five minutes. Copies of the hymn should be distributed among the audience, or the words written plainly on a blackboard where all may see it, and the audience should be asked to stand and join in singing it.]

1.

America, to thee
We pledge our loyalty,
Mind, heart, and hand;
Thy laws be wisely made

And faithfully obeyed,
Thy honor ne'er betrayed—
God, keep our land!

2.

America, may we
Give life itself for thee
At thy command!
The foes that thee assail
Before our valor quail,
Their ill intentions fail—
God, save our land!

3.

But thy prosperity
Long may we live to see
On every hand.
America, to-day
For thee and thine we pray—
Let all the people say
God bless our land!

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